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or

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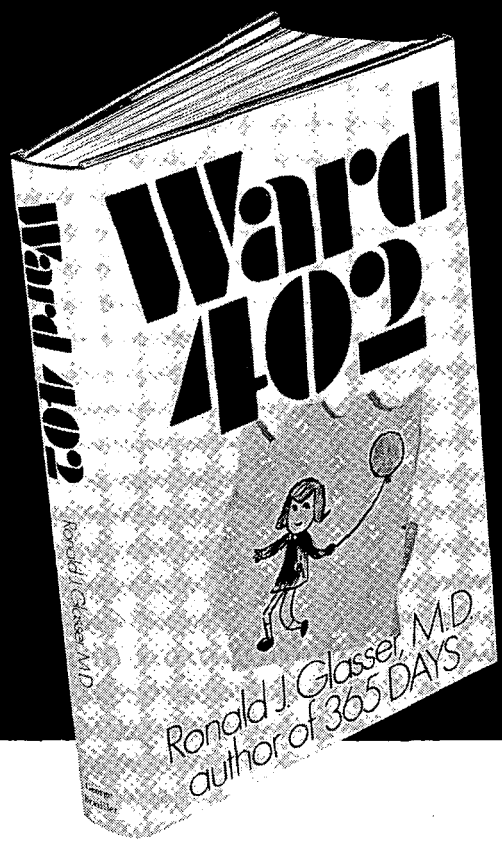

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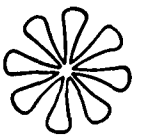

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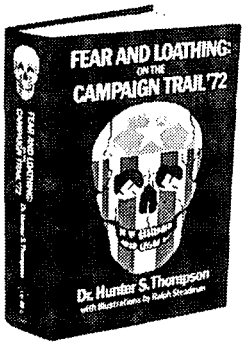

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Letters

"Making It" Revisited

Jim Fallows' piece on Nader, Morris and Podhoretz [" 'Making It' Revisited: Nader, Podhoretz, and Morris," July/August] is provocative and original but there is one particular point which is pure bullshit—the allegation that Willie Morris while at *Harper's* paid huge sums to writers. Quite the reverse is true—Willie's genius was to get major writers to work for him for one third to one quarter of their normal rate, and he did this by editing them with great care and sensitivity and making sure they appeared with their peers. The staff writers, some of whom also worked as editors, and who had full time jobs, earned between $14,000 and $18,000 a year which is about guild minimum at the *Times* and *Washington Post* for men with five years' experience. The entire editorial budget—editors, writers, expenses—was about $250,000 a year, which is what a television anchorman gets. What is particularly offensive about Fallows' statement is his comparing Morris unfavorably in this regard with William Shawn of the *New Yorker*. Indeed, Shawn's great strength is his bankroll; if someone like Larry King had been writing comparable amounts for the *New Yorker*, then in an average year instead of making about $16,000 from Willie, he would have made in the neighborhood of $70,000 from Shawn. And helped make that particular journal a more lively and readable publication.

DAVID HALBERSTAM
New York

The author replies:

I have nothing against decent pay for writers. Indeed, life at this office might be happier if our salaries were like those at the *New Yorker*, or even *Harper's*. What I criticized was a decision which appeared to value money over voice. When Morris and his colleagues had to choose between reducing their rate of pay and sacrificing their ability to publish their views, they left the magazine. Perhaps Shawn and his writers would do the same in similar straits. If so, I would lament that as much as Morris' departure from *Harper's*.

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Health: The Care We Want and Need

by David Blumenthal and James Fallows

Two years ago Anthony Lewis wrote in *The New York Times* about the difference between American and British medicine:

> Robert Deindorfer, a New York writer, was in London with his family last summer in Lower Slaughter, a Cotswold village. His four-year-old son, Scott, became seriously ill and spent three nights in a hospital, having numerous tests and intravenous feeding. Scott was in a private room, and Mr. and Mrs. Deindorfer were given a room near him. The hospital's bill at the end was $7.80—for the parents' meals.
>
> That is not a unique experience for Americans in Britain. A fair number have discovered, to their amazement, that in emergencies they can receive free hospital care under the National Health Service.
>
> The experience of Britons taken ill while visiting the United States is not exactly the same. A year ago, Reginald Forrester, a businessman, was rushed to a hospital in New York in desperate condition. The hospital would not admit him until it obtained a financial guarantee. He died 16 days later, and Mrs. Forrester was given a bill for $12,000.

An enormous amount has been written about medical care since then, but little of it has more concisely expressed the central failure of American medicine. Health care is, along with race, the most complex public issue we face. It cuts to our deepest and least clearly resolved feelings about life and the prospect of death; it raises basic questions of social inequality; it involves technical innovations whose value is hard to assess and whose momentum leads us in directions we do not always understand.

While all this means that there will be no simple answers to the dilemmas of medical care, it also suggests how inadequate have been our public attempts to deal with medical questions. One indication of the relative infancy of medical policy is that, while we are willing to guarantee every citizen 12, and in many cases 16, years of education at public expense, no such "right" to medical care exists. Since the New Deal, the trend of domestic legislation has been to let society absorb the shock of individual financial calamities. Medical care, the remaining uncushioned expense, was the single largest cause of personal bankruptcies last year.

Even for those not absolutely impoverished by care, the cost is high and the quality uncertain. The price of medical care has risen twice as fast as other prices over the last decade. The average cost of a day in the hospital is now more than $100, and

David Blumenthal is a fourth-year student at Harvard Medical School. James Fallows is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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total spending on medical care was $83.4 billion last year, an amount that for the first time exceeded the Defense budget. A great many people cannot get the care they need—a recent study by the National Academy of Science's Institute of Medicine concluded that infant mortality rates in New York could be cut by 30 to 50 per cent simply by providing adequate care—while others, mainly the white, suburban majority, are overdoctored, sometimes to the point of danger. Government figures show that as many as 150,000 deaths each year are from "iatrogenic," or physician-induced, causes. Another study, at the Yale-New Haven Hospital, showed that one fifth of the hospital patients were made ill by medical treatment.

Political notice has been taken of these problems and of the public support to be won by solving them. For the last four years, since President Nixon announced that a "health care crisis" was upon us, Congress has been considering half a dozen major health-reform bills. The immediate climate is hostile to plans as grandiose and costly as serious health reform must be. This may be fortunate, for it will give us time to rethink the fundamentals before everyone starts smelling appropriations.

Like all legislation, the current proposals overlook some inevitable long-term complications. Unfortunately, even the best of the bills try to wish away some of the more immediate dilemmas, which simply will not disappear. Attached as they are to specific non-medical interests—Edward Kennedy's in leading his major reform effort; the AMA's in affixing itself to the public teat—the bills are likely to be either accepted or rejected on criteria other than further reflection on medical needs.

Rather than arguing over the bills, we should start at the beginning, asking ourselves what we want medicine to do for us. From there we may work back to identify the features in a medical system that will provide the kind of care we want. This approach, applied in the list below, does not pretend to yield an exhaustively detailed outline of a new medical system. Yet it does suggest the elements to support when prospects for a new system improve.

1
Competent Care

The question of competence is perhaps the least susceptible to reasoned discussion in a subject generally dominated by argument-

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through-anecdote. For each story of malpractice and profiteering there is an offsetting example of dedication and scientific excellence. Abstractly, we know, and may even take comfort from the fact, that our medical schools produce the world's most highly skilled doctors. Yet we realize when we go out to choose a specific doctor what flimsy evidence we have to work on. In order to give patients a better chance of finding competent care, of distinguishing between the quacks and the experts before learning the hard way, we need to work a fundamental change in our system of medical education and licensing.

An analogy to another form of professional training may help explain why. In legal education students are exposed to the dozens of discrete areas which compose "the law"—taxes, trial work, probate, government regulation, and the like. The rationale of the three-year law school is that the student is qualified to practice in none of these areas until he has his degree, but that once he graduates he is entitled to work in any of them he pleases.

Such a system ignores several basic human traits—among them, that people have different talents and abilities and learn at different rates. Six months into law school, a student with a flair for debate and interrogation may be a more capable trial lawyer than half the attorneys in practice. The same student may never be competent in tax work, while someone else, with an interest in economics, may be ready for tax law long before he leaves school.

The legal diploma system, unable to account for such individual differences, prevents both kinds of students from doing either trial or tax work before they graduate. Then, by awarding both the same degree, it allows them to advertise themselves as all-purpose lawyers. The client, given no guidance by the legal diploma, must rely largely on word-of-mouth recommendations to find the lawyer best able to perform the specific task he requires.

Medical education is not an exact parallel. In medicine one's natural intuition must be more heavily buttressed with scientific information (even the student with strong powers of deductive reasoning needs extensive scientific training before he can become a diagnostician), and the connections between different specialties are more complicated and perilous to ignore than in law (a psychiatrist must know something about pharmacology; an internist, about psychiatry). But the profession aggravates some of its worst deficiencies by requiring that all students go in lock step through four years of general medical education, one of internship, and several more of residency in their specialty. Doctors become a rare, and exceedingly costly, commodity. Students who quite early in training might be qualified as surgeons, or psychiatrists, or pediatricians are required to complete the full course before being allowed to specialize, and efforts to expand the supply of physicians are constrained by the high cost of the protracted medical education. Of the $15,000 to $20,000 annual cost of medical training, the student pays at most $5,000. The rest is largely made up by public subsidies, such as the $3-billion manpower program enacted in 1971.

The system denies patients guidance as they search for qualified care. When we want a baby delivered, or a chest pain diagnosed, or a fracture set, we want to find the doctor best able to perform each of these functions. Common sense tells us that doctors will vary in their specific skills, but the undifferentiated M.D. label gives us little information about individual abilities. Patients do find other guides, but each has its drawbacks: personal experience and first-hand recommendations may be hard to come by; high fees or prestigious affiliations distinguish Park Avenue doctors or medical school faculty members, but rarely apply to hometown doctors; a specialist's label often does not guarantee competence.

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We must have a revolution in the way we organize medical training, beginning with the recognition that competence is the quality we should measure. The medical specialties are not such a mystery that students must spend four or more years making their choice; quite early, many know their preference. Allowing them to concentrate sooner, eliminating training they may never use, and then testing their specific abilities would reduce the cost of training and raise the level of professional skill. In a recent study, *Increasing the Supply of Medical Personnel*, Charles T. Stewart and Corazon Siddayao of George Washington University explained:

> Medical training can be reduced in duration by curtailing the generalist training which all medical students undergo before specializing. The curtailment would be designed for those students who dispense with considerable course work and training which they never intend to put into practice. It may be noted that doctors with general training who do not do general practice may forget the general training. . . .
>
> It may be desirable to license doctors to practice only in the specific areas in which they have specialized. A licensed M.D. can now do most things in the field of medicine, whether or not in his area of specialization.

Boards of surgeons or neurologists should test candidates for their proficiency in those fields. Anyone who meets the standards should be allowed to practice, whether he has completed two years of medical training or 10. Approval for one kind of practice should not entitle him to perform other specialties unless he can prove his competence in them, too.

Amputated Education

Of course, the standards for each specialty should include a general scientific background and an understanding of the connections between the specialty and other branches of medicine. In some cases—especially the diagnostic specialties, internal medicine, and general practice—this may require nearly as broad an education as today's doctor undergoes. But not all the specialties demand such preparation.

Several dozen medical schools, among them Johns Hopkins, Stanford, Dartmouth, and Northwestern, have already devised programs to cut the time required for earning an M.D., either by truncating the undergraduate preparation or by allowing students with Ph.D.s in other scientific fields to earn the M.D. degree in two years. Many schools now offer semi-doctor degrees: at Duke University, students may take an undergraduate program leading to a "physician's assistant" degree; Stanford offers a physician's-assistant program for former medical corpsmen from the military; at Yale students may qualify as "surgical associates"; and at the University of Colorado they may become "child associates."

Laudable though they may be, these programs amount to accelerated versions of the same old thing, not reassessments of how doctors should be certified. They only reinforce the notion that the doctor is king of the medical system. The most ambitious—Cleveland State University's "credit by examination" system, which permits nurses and other middle-level medical employees to build gradually toward a physician's degree—illustrates the belief that while abbreviated training may be all right for "paramedicals" and "medics," for the puissant doctors themselves the traditional broad education is still indispensable. Some of his more menial tasks may be farmed out to paramedical assistants, and nurses willing to endure a slower version of the doctor's training may eventually earn his status. But in the meantime, those with the complete M.D. training have the monopoly on expertise. We need to realize that the finest surgeons, the most accurate diagnosticians, need not go through all the phases of the normal M.D. training. We don't need doctors nominally prepared to do everything. We need a doctor we can rely on to do some things well.

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2
A Guaranteed Right to Care

In 1971, *The New England Journal of Medicine* carried an article by Dr. Robert M. Sade arguing that to make medical care a "right" would be to impose involuntary servitude on physicians: under a guaranteed-care system, they would no longer be able to deny treatment to whom they pleased. Even among doctors, this is an increasingly rare view. The AMA reasons that a combination of private insurance, public programs such as Medicare, charity on the part of doctors, and scrimping on the part of patients ensures that no one who needs help is denied.

Nevertheless, the most obvious fact about American medicine is that some people get worse care than others, or even no care at all. What statistical evidence is available shows that sickness and medical care are as unequally distributed as cars, housing, or any other marketplace commodity. Infant mortality rates are nearly twice as high for blacks as for whites; and the black male's life expectancy is seven years less than that of the white male. Such indices are not in themselves conclusive: if poor people and blacks are sicker than the white middle class, the reasons may have more to do with nutrition, housing, and narcotics than with visits to the doctor. But it is clear that some patients are denied the help that they need. As applied to medical care, the communist principle is sublimely correct: we should provide to each according to his need, and collect from each (via the income tax) according to his ability to pay.

Counties Without Doctors

There are two reasons for the unfair distribution of care. One is that the rural areas and urban ghettos where the poor generally live are precisely the areas where a doctor is least likely to set up practice. The variation in physician/patient ratio

between different regions of the U. S. is far more dramatic than that between the U. S. and, say, Pakistan. In the United States as a whole, there are 165 physicians per 100,000 people, but as Harry Schwartz points out in *The Case for American Medicine*, in Washington, D. C. there are 371 doctors per 100,000, while in Mississippi and Alaska the figure is 78. At latest report some 130 counties have no doctors at all practicing within their borders. Recruiting booths set up by small, doctor-less communities have become a common feature of medical conventions.

The second barrier to equally distributed health care is the ransom one must pay to see a doctor. *When* one is available. Each trip to the doctor requires a careful calculation of whether the illness or the bill will be more painful. Few patients postpone emergency surgery because of the price, but in many cases people may put off the routine visits that could prevent more costly treatment.

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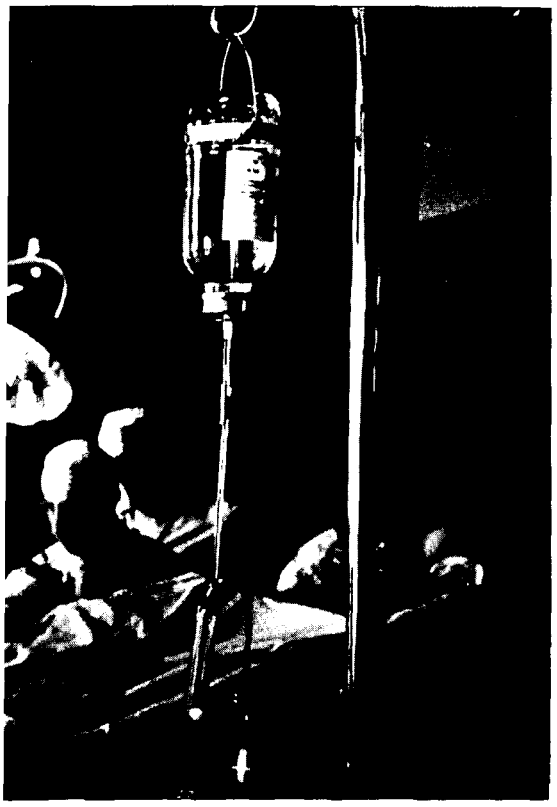

Insurance does much less to remove this barrier than is generally supposed. Thirty million people under the age of 65 have no health insurance whatever, and 35.5 per cent have no protection against surgical expenses. Of the five million who do have private medical insurance, the great majority are only covered for hospital expenses. This means that a doctor's advice still comes at a cost of $10 to $15—enough to deter anyone who has a secret suspicion that the doctor will just tell him to wait and see what happens.

Money rarely poses an ultimate barrier to care: those who are sick enough but can't pay usually end up in a municipal hospital. But anyone who has ever compared the emergency ward of a big-city general hospital with the centers in which paying patients are treated can only be appalled by the disparity. Although such inequality is not unique in American life, it may be easier to correct in medicine than in, say, employment or the schools.

If we are serious about equitable medicine, then imposing any fee at all would be a mistake. When the provincial health service in Saskatchewan, Canada, decided to charge a trivial fee ($1.50) as a way of reducing unnecessary visits to the doctors, it found that poorer patients, especially those with large families, promptly reduced their calls on the doctor. But this was soon offset by extra visits from people who could afford the fee and knew they wouldn't have to wait in line so long. (The fee has since been removed.)

The no-fee principle is virtually alien to American medicine. Even Medicare has "co-insurance" and "deductible" provisions which require the patient to pay the first $60 of physicians' fees and 20 per cent of everything above that. (The Administration has proposed raising the figures to $85 and 25 per cent.) In creating a fair health system we must make sure that "deductibles" and "co-insurance" do not creep in.

Saskatchewan's dilemma—how to control demand without driving the poor away—reflects the subtle issue of providing "enough" care without endlessly expanding the supply of doctors. In an important new book, *Health Care: Can There be Equality?*, Odin Anderson concludes that patients in Sweden and England—the two countries whose nationalized health systems are most often cited in criticism of American medicine—echo the American complaint: no matter how many doctors are available, there is always a demand for more. The world has yet to produce a society whose people feel themselves too closely attended by their doctors. From all the evidence, if half the adults in this country were physicians, their schedules would be nearly as crowded, and their fees nearly as high, as those of doctors today. Doctors admit that beyond a certain point extra medical care does not provide extra health, and that extra dollars spent on it must be considered luxury expenditures.

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Once we are sure that the overall supply of doctors is large enough to provide adequate care—a condition that the U. S., with more doctors per capita than nearly any other country, easily satisfies—we must devise a "rationing" system that will enable everyone to get the care he needs. The English system of "queuing"—granting appointments on a first-come, first-served basis, with one- or two-week delays before seeing a general practitioner and a wait of a month or more for specialists—has its faults, but it is fairer than the alternative: forcing patients to bid for care as they might bid for items at an auction.

Eliminating fees is not enough if patients must drive miles over rural roads to find a doctor or search vainly for one in the city. No one wants to create a central assignment agency which would post physicians here and there like so many salesmen. But we do possess some forms of leverage wholly consistent with protecting the doctors' individual freedoms. The government might offer loans or grants to medical students, enabling them to end their training without being $15,000 in debt. In return, the doctor would practice for three or four years in an underserved area.

Another approach is that of the National Health Service Corps, which was created three years ago under the auspices of the Public Health Service to send young doctors to remote regions. Five hundred doctors applied for the initial 220 NHSC positions, but such enthusiasm should not be confused with pure altruism: the NHSC was an alternative to military service. Even so, it does not seem too wild a hope that two or three per cent of the nearly 10,000 doctors who graduate each year would join similar projects.

3
Personal Care

Dr. Michael Halberstam, a Washington physician, expressed the classic fear of socialized medicine in a recent *Medical Economics* article entitled

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"Will Limousine Liberals Ruin Medical Care?":

> I'm reminded of the franchise fast-food chains—Kentucky Fried Chicken, Lum's, and all the others. These operations are nationwide, they buy their food in carloads, they cook food with a standard set of spices for a standard period of time. . . . I know the food won't be great, because no one who's really interested in preparing food would work in a place that gives him cooking instructions printed 1,500 miles away. He isn't a cook, he's a technician.

Suggesting as it does that the existing medical system offers service like that of the Ritz or the Four Seasons, Halberstam's comparison is slightly unfair. A better metaphor might be one of the colonialists' clubs in the middle of Calcutta or Hong Kong, providing incomparable service to those eligible for admission.

To strike the balance is the difficulty: between serving the masses and satisfying the individual. Already personal attention is a commodity far too rare, even for well-to-do patients. The majority of medical horror stories come down to a failure of attentiveness: a doctor neglects to take note of a condition marked on the patient's chart, or he passes his patient on for surgery in which the operation is performed on the wrong eye. A congenial bedside manner is an asset, but the sense that one person is taking responsibility for our care is more basically necessary. We want someone to know that we're allergic to penicillin, or that we had a funny lump on the throat two years ago, or that we faint at the sight of blood, or that we have any of the dozens of other traits that a good physician will observe and remember.

Is this impossible in a system which opens the door to all patients? After listening to many of the "medical care delivery" administrators, one often fears that the answer is yes. As they pull out their flow charts showing how patients will be funneled into the most efficient kind of treatment, and as they describe their computerized laboratory equipment, one feels less like a human in need of medical care than a Volkswagen being plugged into an automatic diagnostic machine. As described in many management journals, delivering health care is a technical job for the efficiency experts, like providing water and sewerage.

The romance of technology runs wild when medical administrators discuss the Health Maintenance Organization (HMO), a type of group practice whose economic advantages are especially attractive. While the HMO's efficiencies seem undeniable, its size may dwarf and isolate the patient—especially when the HMO management embraces a big-business approach. A recent article in the *Harvard Business Review* struck a characteristic note:

> As the delivery of health care shifts to larger, more integrated, better organized firms with scores of physicians and annual incomes of millions of dollars, managers and management techniques will be urgently needed.

While English doctors are famous for their brusqueness, they may indicate a way out of the dilemma. The whole country is essentially one large HMO. Each patient is registered with a general practitioner in his own town. When a patient is sick he goes to his own doctor first. Although the GP may not be able to treat every malady, when he passes the patient to the specialist or hospital he is able to say, "Here are the things to watch out for on this patient. I'd like to hear how he does." We should try to guarantee that similar features are included in an American system. One way to do so might be to give all patients registered with HMOs or hospital-based groups a "family" doctor, whom they could call first when they needed care.

Back to Basics

Since "primary" physicians—usually general practitioners—are the ideal candidates for this role, our medical training system must pay more attention to producing the primary-care

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practitioner. Since the days when the general practitioner was the workhorse of American medicine, the role of the primary doctor has steadily declined. Ten years ago there were 59 primary physicians per 100,000 population; now there are 41.5.

Only the primary physician can provide the personal attention that is so essential. Most of us would gladly trade a clinic full of crack specialists for a few physicians who would attend to our overall needs, perhaps with less luster but certainly with more old-fashioned sympathy. In a recent poll commissioned by Potomac Associates, 49 per cent of the respondents listed "available on short notice" as an important quality in choosing a family physician; 39 per cent listed "will treat patient regardless of ability to pay"; and only 36 per cent specified "aware of latest medical developments."

There are also sound technical reasons for training more primary specialists. Many of the most critical shortcomings of our health care system are connected with the extinction of the primary practitioner. Cardiologists and neurosurgeons may brandish their skills with a flourish—and still practice bad medicine. It is the rare specialist who looks beyond the organ system he is treating to the patient's total needs, physical and emotional. This is not the specialist's fault: if he liked general medicine, he would be practicing it. Unless every patient has a primary practitioner responsible for his total health, doctors will continue to prescribe medicine patients don't need and can't afford, and patients will continue to to walk around with undiagnosed diseases in search of the specialist interested in their case.

Dr. Samuel Proger of Tufts University, has suggested the creation of a new specialty: Primary Medical Doctors, or P.M.D.s. These doctors would receive an abbreviated version of the general training now given M.D.s; during much of their training expert diagnosticians would teach them, as craftsmen instruct their apprentices. The P.M.D.s would learn to recognize what they don't know, to establish the limits beyond which they should refer their patient to a specialist. The present medical hierarchy, which endows the specialist with a more honored title than the GP, creates an unnecessary stigma against such admissions of ignorance. How better to remove the stigma than to establish P.M.D.s, like other specialists, as experts in their specific field?

But these plans are pipedreams unless we lure a different kind of student into medical school. Medical schools don't produce general practitioners because they fill the classes with would-be Nobel laureates who have piled up long strings of "A"s in their science courses. Not all of the health needs are best met by the doctor who can hardly tear himself from the laboratory or the microscope. General medicine is for doctors who like people more than slide rules, who like listening to their patients, sympathizing with their problems, worrying about and soothing them. "If you're the kind of guy who goes to college and gets into lots of extracurricular activities, gets "B"s, and likes to work with people, you're not getting into medical school any more," says Dr. Daniel Funkinstein of Harvard Medical School. "The kind of physician people dream about," he continues, "is not getting into medical school any more."

The kind of nurse that patients hope for is also vanishing fast. Where is she going? To the big, square desks at the end of each ward, where she can reign over a world of paper and machinery instead of providing the patients' human needs. Florence Nightingale has given way to the Registrar of Deeds as a model for the nurse's career advancement. If the doctor's training should become more specialized, the nurse's should be more diffuse: some drop of humanity, of sensitivity to emotional needs, should enter the dry, scientific disciplines of the nurse's training, and should not be baked out of the nurse's soul by a

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promotion system that counts paper shuffling more important than loving care.

4
Care at a Cost the Nation Can Afford

One of the great mysteries of the medical profession is why men who serve such noble aims should do so with dollar signs in their eyes. For abundance and security of income, a medical degree has taken the place of a landed estate. Doctors have the highest earnings of any professional group: the average yearly income is now between $45,000 and $53,000; these figures include interns and residents, who make $10,000 to $15,000. In his prime a doctor may earn $80,000 a year or more. A recent study in Maryland showed that a typical hospital pays its department chiefs $150,000 to $200,000, its chief assistants $65,000, and its "rookie" physicians $35,000 to $40,000. Voluntary unemployment is virtually the only threat to steady earnings.

Even cynics concede that money is not the main motive for entering the profession. Considering the long delay before the pay-off and the unpredictable hours, heavy responsibility, and continuing need to keep abreast of medical advances, anyone mainly concerned with striking it big will head to Wall Street. Yet between the time a young applicant explains his dreams of a medical career in images drawn from Albert Schweitzer and the Brothers Mayo and the day he posts his first fee schedule, something happens to focus his thoughts on money. Precisely because the gap between these two points is so long, there are too many opportunities for that "something" to happen.

By the time he has gotten up in the pre-dawn cold to attend his clinical rotations, borrowed money from his parents or the banker (fortunately, 34 per cent of the medical students come from families in the top three

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per cent of the income brackets), taken his sleep in 15-minute bits during his internship, and postponed the pleasures of family and home that his contemporaries are already enjoying, the doctor may develop a quite understandable sense that he is going through longer and harder preparation than anyone else.

Who can be surprised if, in the midst of this painful training, the medical student fixes his thoughts on the reward his efforts will yield? While the young doctor is still concerned about caring for his patients and perfecting his technique, caring for himself becomes increasingly important. The student knows that his working life will be six or eight years shorter than the average worker's, and that he will begin it many thousands of dollars in debt.

If we have any faith at all that doctors don't start out with their eyes on the income charts, we can hope that a more humane medical education would loose doctors on the world with less economic vengeance. Medical training should be no less rigorous than it is today (though it may be shorter and less diffuse), but it need not exact such a heavy financial and personal toll from the student. There is no reason to force medical students to go so heavily into debt and give up so many human pleasures that they begin to see themslves as a martyred sect, different from monks only in their plans to collect their heavenly reward while still on earth. In Britain, medical students live on public subsidies during their training; later they work for far lower salaries than American doctors. More fully subsidizing medical education in the U. S. might be a step toward more reasonable medical salaries.

Lie-Ins, 1970s Style

Apart from changing the training system to give doctors a more mellow outlook on money and medicine, there are other ways to get medical care at a reasonable price.

One, a revolutionary change, is to build into the system incentives for efficiency. While critics have noticed the kind of behavior that open-ended funding induces in defense contractors, the parallels between Lockheed and your neighborhood hospital have not been clearly enough drawn. Hospitals' daily charges have more than doubled since 1966 largely because no one has been in a position to call a halt.

Over the last decade, the government's hospital building programs have left the nation with a greatly expanded supply of hospital beds and an equally expanded need for patients to fill them, since they are nearly as expensive to maintain when empty as occupied. If there has been no shortage of patients to occupy the beds, the credit must go to the private insurance companies and programs like Medicare. By reimbursing hospital expenses and denying routine physician's charges, these programs reward the patient who can get his blood pressure checked and urine analyzed in the hospital rather than at the doctor's office. Once in the hospital, the patient no longer has to worry about the medical bills; for its part, the "third party" (usually either Medicare or a private insurer) that is covering the costs rarely exhibits discretion about payments. Insurers especially have shied from paying hospitals and doctors anything less than they ask. When one company attempted to limit payments, the AMA launched a campaign of denunciation which continued until the company backed down. In their book, *The American Health Empire*, Barbara and John Ehrenreich describe the resulting vicious cycle:

> Insurers pay the hospital whatever the hospital claims was its actual cost of providing service. If the hospital buys and operates a computer, or an intensive care unit, the cost of providing a day's services rises. Automatically, the rate at which Blue Cross, Medicare, and Medicaid reimburse the hospitals also rises. It makes no difference whether the computer. . . was really necessary, whether it was overpriced, misused, or

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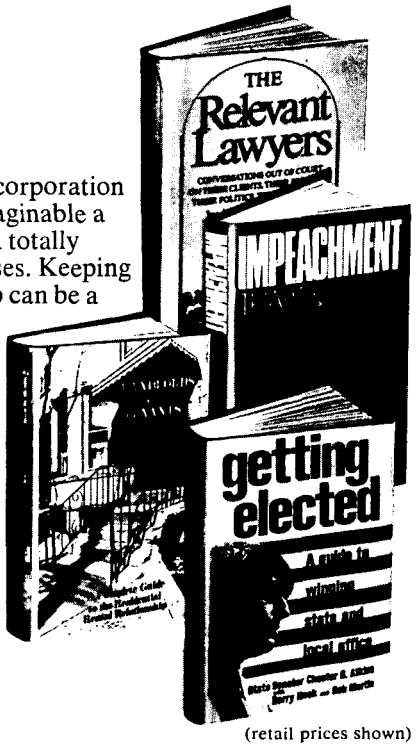

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whether it adds significantly to the overall quality of health care.

Of the nearly 800 hospitals equipped to perform open-heart surgery as of 1972, one third had never performed such an operation; another third did less than 12 per year. Not too long ago the Washington Hospital Center in the District of Columbia opened a new, $5.75-million intensive care unit, with equipment suitable for performing one open-heart operation each day. Meanwhile, three other D. C. hospitals were maintaining similar open-heart facilities which are used at less than capacity. The cost of this expensive—and unused—equipment is spread onto other patients' bills—which is less alarming only than the possibility that the surgeons could have deliberately attempted to keep all the operating rooms busy.

Doctors are unique for their ability to set their own level of demand. The patient has no way of knowing whether he should really come back for an appointment two weeks from now, or if the extra pill or injection or minor operation is necessary. Certainly, most doctors are scrupulous about providing only appropriate care, but it does no harm to remember that the doctors earn their living on a fee-for-service basis. Some pieces of evidence are particularly hard to ignore: a Los Angeles surgeon, Alex Gerber, has said that in California the rate of tonsillectomies among Medicaid patients is 10 times higher than among children whose parents foot the bill. This suggests that greatly expanding our output of doctors may not be the way to cope with medical care problems. Instead of our current 400,000 doctors earning $45,000 to $55,000 a piece, we might find after a 15-year crash program that we have ended up with 1,500,000 doctors earning $80,000 each.

To bring costs under control we must give doctors and hospitals an incentive not to run up the bill. The virtue of the Health Maintenance Organization is its supposed ability to provide the missing encouragement. What makes the HMOs different from traditional practice is the way the doctors are paid. Patients put up a set fee each year and are then entitled to all the care, including hospitalization, they need. Doctors are paid a salary, and in some doctor-owned HMOs, they earn a bonus if their treatment costs are less than the annual fees. Theoretically, this arrangement not only frees the doctor from the this-hysterectomy-pays-next-week's-rent mentality, but also encourages him to treat patients as efficiently as possible. To stay within the annual budget, the doctor will conduct tests in his office rather than in the hospital and will concentrate on inexpensive preventive care rather than waiting until the patient must be hospitalized.

A mighty debate rages over the decimal points in results from HMO studies, and the experiences of existing HMOs have not all been as glorious as some boosters suggest. While the California-based Kaiser-Permanente group is every HMO fan's favorite allusion, New York's Health Insurance Program (HIP) is constantly criticized for its Kafkaesque operating policies and its continually rising rates. On balance, however, it seems likely that the pre-payment system can reduce both hospitalization rates and the overall cost of medical care. To cite one example, the average hospital utilization rates for HMOs run about 20 per cent below those of the fee-for-service sector.

Nearly all the health insurance bills before Congress manage to include an HMO clause, but some would turn the system's financing over to existing insurance companies. Doing so could eliminate the financial benefits of the HMOs, because the insurance industry is perhaps the only administrative system less efficient than the federal government. Administrative expenses for private policies range from Blue Cross' relatively modest five per cent (of benefits), to 14 per cent for privately issued group policies, to 47 to 79 per cent for individual private

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policies. In contrast, Medicare's administrative costs were only 2.3 per cent in 1967, and experience in Canada suggests that a nationwide program could be run with administrative costs of only about one per cent.

Medicine as Mephistopheles

Where is our medical technology leading us? If we think in these terms we may find another answer to limiting expenses and controlling the momentum of medical innovations.

Over the past half-century, medical advances have removed much of the threat of disability and untimely death. In 1900 polio, tuberculosis, and diphtheria were leading causes of death. Now these infectious diseases are largely under control; today's major killers are heart disease, cancer, accidents, and strokes. This shift has taken some of the uncertainty from our lives. Now most of us have the privilege of viewing medical care not as a constant necessity, but as protection against emergencies. We know that for most of our lives we will be basically healthy, whether we get an annual checkup or not, and that when things start to deteriorate, the doctors will not be able to do too much.

There is, of course, nothing like the assumption of good health to blind us to disease. A humane medical system must be able to care not only for the majority who are well, but for the minority who are disabled early or sick often. Ill health seems the cruelest of inequalities because we are so powerless to correct it. We all know people denied the span of years, and the vigor during their years of life, that most of us will enjoy. Whenever medicine can compensate for this inequality it has performed its kindest function. The renal dialysis process, which enables people who would otherwise die to lead relatively normal lives, is an important example. The opportunities for similar improvements are great: by preventing birth defects, or coping with degenerative diseases, or exploring the origins of cancer, medical research can mitigate some of the tragedies of lives cut short.

This view of medical priorities need not imply a "medicine of youth," one which counts the life of a teenager more precious than that of a person past 70. It requires, rather, a different attitude toward the matter of age.

Both Simone de Beauvoir, in *The Coming of Age*, and psychiatrist Robert Butler, have stressed what is now often forgotten: that old age can be a time of fulfillment, of projects brought to completion, of "rage against the dying of the light."

Yet even mentioning this brings us close to the heart of our dilemma about medicine and old age, for it is equally obvious that many of the elderly feel not gratitude for their extra years of life but a despairing impatience for the end. Partly this is so because we have repulsed the elderly from us, relegated them to a silent and shameful waiting for death, ignored them because they remind us that we too are growing older. It has often been remarked that death, and by extension old age, are our modern taboo subjects. This has had its effect on medical technology. The elderly are segregated; the dying removed from the living. Yet as Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross has demonstrated with eloquence in *On Death and Dying*, the process of dying demands as much psychological support as any other part of the cycle of life; it can lead to the most profound bitterness or a sense of reconciliation. In fighting "death," our medicine has often paid less attention to this form of support than to forestalling the moment when the heart stops beating and the brain waves cease.

Just a few years ago, the nation watched in fascinated horror as General Eisenhower's tired, beaten heart was dragged through one crisis after another amid the glint and hum of a technological task force. Dr. Kubler-Ross has written about these rituals which the dying must endure:

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He may cry for rest, peace, and dignity, but he will get infusions, transfusions, a heart machine, or tracheotomy if necessary. He may want one single person to stop for one single minute so that he can ask one single question—but he will get a dozen people around the clock, all busily preoccupied with his heart rate, pulse, electrocardiogram, or pulmonary functions, his secretions or excretions but not with him as a human being. . . . Those who consider the person first may lose precious time to save his life! . . . Is the reason for this increasingly mechanical, depersonalized approach our own defensiveness? Is our concentration on equipment, on blood pressure, our desperate attempt to deny the impending death, which is so frightening and discomforting to us that we displace all our knowledge onto machines, since they are less close to us than the suffering face of another human being, which would remind us of. . . our own mortality?

A new generation of medical techniques will expand our ability to postpone the moment of death. Instead of merely equalizing the chances for life by preventing untimely deaths, new processes will enable many of us to survive beyond the point at which our physical machinery has worn out. One cannot, as a young man, presume to speculate on the value of extra months or years to those preparing for death; Dr. Kubler-Ross says that even as they enter their terminal comas, patients are bargaining for an extra day. Yet at the same time, we must face the practical dilemmas.

Unlike many of the medical and public health improvements of the last 50 years, these new developments will be enormously expensive, will demand more of the doctors' attention rather than economizing on it. The "coronary artery bypass graft," to give one example, may offer victims of heart disease extra years of life, but at a cost of many thousands of dollars. When lives close to our own are in question, no amount of money seems too much; yet when more people are potential beneficiaries of a process than we as a society can possibly afford to help, the medical inventions force upon us terrible choices between saving one life and saving another. Before the new technique exists, death when it comes may seem inevitable, even natural; once the invention is in our hands, to deny its use to anyone is to deliberately choose his death. Naturally our guiding principle must be to provide as much care as we possibly can, mindful of the point at which we do more harm than good by applying the saving balm. Yet we may avoid some of the more agonizing choices by concentrating our medical research on ensuring more people a normal span of years rather than trying to offer eternal life. If we are to canonize any medical innovators, it should be the doctors who make it possible to prevent mongolism or cerebral palsy rather than those who transplant hearts.

Finally, we should remember that what we are after is health, and that there are other ways to improve it than expanding our hospitals and medical schools. When 60,000 people die each year in auto wrecks, serious attention to highway safety may enable society to save more lives than an all-out program on a certain disease. Of course, it need not be an either/or choice between prevention and treatment, but we might achieve the greatest improvement in health by devoting more attention to diet, environmental pollutants, and other important determinants of disease. Edmund Pellegrino, dean of the State University of New York medical school has questioned our sense of priorities:

Is it socially acceptable to expend large sums to develop open-heart surgery which can at best alter the life expectancy of a limited few? Or should the same amount of money be put into public education to eradicate streptococcal infection—the root cause of most damaged heart valves?

These four elements—competent care, a right to care, personal care, and reasonable care—do not in themselves amount to a detailed outline for a national health care system. But they are important criteria to bear in mind as we debate proposals over the next few years. ■

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Health: The Morality of Medicine

by David Ignatius

Since the time of Hippocrates the healing arts have turned to their great teachers for moral as well as technical leadership. Today the equivalent of the plane tree beneath which Hippocrates delivered his lectures is the imposing mock-classical quadrangle of the Harvard Medical School. The instructors at this most prestigious of the nation's medical centers set an example not only for their own students, but for the profession as a whole. In turn, the medical faculty takes its model from the leadership of the school, especially the dean. In examining the career of the man who now occupies that influential position, we may find clues to the riddle of why medical morality is as we know it today.

When Robert H. Ebert was appointed dean of the Harvard Medical School in 1965, all agreed that he was well suited to discharge both the administrative and ethical responsibilities of the deanship. A specialist in thoracic medicine with liberal political views, Ebert came to Harvard from the Midwest with an extraordinary list of credits.

After taking a B.S. (Phi Beta Kappa) at the University of Chicago in 1936, Ebert traveled to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship. He obtained a D.Phil. (equivalent to an American Ph.D.) from Oxford in 1939 and returned to Chicago, where he received his M.D. in 1942. Ebert served his internship at Boston City Hospital, leaving after two years to join the Naval Reserve. In 1949 Ebert joined the Chicago Medical School faculty, and became a full professor in six years. In 1956 he was given a tenured chair and the post of Director of Medicine at Western Reserve University. In 1964 Ebert returned to Boston to take up a Harvard chair and serve as Chief of Medical Services at Massachusetts General Hospital. The next year, he became Dean of the Harvard Medical School.

Ebert had risen, in a short time, to the top of the medical profession. More significantly, along the way he built a reputation as a physician sensitive to public concerns. From 1959 to 1963 he had served on a special advisory group of the Veterans Administration. In 1961 he had been elected president of the American Thoracic Society, the professional organization for doctors in his field.

After coming to Harvard, the range of Dean Ebert's public activities broadened. In 1966 he was appointed a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation; that same year he became a member of the Population Council

David Ignatius is a recent graduate of Harvard who has worked for Ralph Nader's Congress Project. He is now studying in England.

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and of the National Advisory Committee on Health Manpower. In 1967 he joined the Board of Regents of the National Library of Medicine. One year later, in recognition of Ebert's remarkable career, the University of Chicago awarded him its Alumni Achievement Medal.

Ebert has written extensively about the social responsibility of the profession, and especially of the medical school; another indication of his leadership is his position as head of the Harvard Community Health Care program.

In January, 1969, Ebert took on another post: he was appointed to the board of directors of Squibb-Beech Nut, owners of E. R. Squibb and Sons, the pharmaceutical manufacturer. As a director Ebert owned about $15,000 worth of Squibb stock in addition to his yearly salary of several thousand dollars.

In other men such an arrangement might have smacked of conflict of interest. With the dean of the nation's most prestigious medical school serving as a salaried director of a company in which he also owned stock, skeptics might have wondered whether young medical students were being given the proper example of medical probity, not to mention the influence on their drug-prescribing habits.

Similar doubts may have entered Ebert's mind, for in the summer of 1969 he sold his Squibb stock. Under persuasion by the Squibb board, however, he agreed that it would be reasonable for him to stay on as a "public director" defending the consumer's interests.

But in October, 1969, a group of 19 second-year Harvard medical students sent a letter to the *Crimson* protesting that even if Ebert was no longer on the Squibb payroll, as a director he remained at least subtly bound to uphold Squibb's interests. The students pointed to a Library of Congress Legislative Reference Service study of directors' responsibilities which noted that "many courts have spoken of the rule. . . that a director owes a loyalty that is undivided and an allegiance that is influenced in action by no consideration other than the Corporation's welfare."

Yale Tries Harder

Ebert might have come back hard against the protest by saying that the "public director" position he filled was the equivalent of what Ralph Nader was trying to create at General Motors. Admittedly, evidence of Ebert's consumer-advocate role had been slim, but the Dean preferred not to argue about the case in public. Stating simply that his "continued membership on the board could be subject to misinterpretation," he resigned.

Losing the dean of the Harvard Medical School from its board of directors was a bit of hard luck for Squibb. When the country doctor from Paducah sees that the Harvard Medical School is working along with Squibb, he may get the idea that they form a kind of holy alliance against disease, that the Squibb pills are turned out under Dr. Ebert's watchful eye. Losing this sort of high-class celebrity was not a pleasant prospect. So, when things got too sticky for Harvard, Squibb turned elsewhere for help. The company signed up Dr. Lewis Thomas, dean of the Yale Medical School, to take Ebert's place.

The only big loser in the 1969 affair was Ebert himself. Although the Dean had put up no resistance and had immediately resigned from the Squibb board, he was embittered by what he considered undue vilification. Lucy Candib, one of the medical students who had protested Ebert's activities, recalls that "the Dean became more hostile to students, where before he had taken a benevolent attitude toward them. He was angry and bitter. He felt that we should have kept the Squibb matter within the medical community and that it was not the sort of thing you wrote letters to the *Crimson* about."

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Indeed, there was soul-searching and regret among some of those who had taken part in the Ebert protest. Students wondered if they had leapt to conclusions, if they had caused grief at too slight a provocation. Ebert, quicker to recover, had meanwhile gone back to work for Squibb. By the end of 1969 he had resumed the consultant position he had held for several years before joining the company's board. No announcement was made of the arrangement; only later, in answer to reporters' queries, did Squibb Vice President Norman F. Ritter say that Ebert was receiving "a modest retainer" for his services.

If Ebert's consulting work for Squibb had remained discreet, his return to the corporation would never have become public knowledge. But in addition to giving general advice on research and development programs, Ebert represented Squibb before a Food and Drug Administration (FDA) hearing on a drug which has received withering criticism from the medical profession.

High-Class Hustlers

Ebert's blandishments were in perfect keeping with the rarefied world of drug salesmanship. Pharmaceutical corporations are too sophisticated to rely on ordinary salesmen. Instead they employ what are known in the trade as "detail men"—company representatives who visit doctors, researchers, hospital administrators, and medical students offering free samples of their products and other gifts.

It's a soft-sell operation. The idea is for the detail man to gain the confidence of the doctor so that the doctor will equate the kindly demeanor and knowledgeable opinions of the detail man with his company's products. The doctor will then instruct his patients to buy a particular brand-name drug.

But an important first step before winning the doctor's confidence is winning certification for a drug from the FDA. And when approaches are being made to the FDA on behalf of a drug, a pharmaceutical corporation needs a super detail man—someone of stature in the profession, like Dean Robert Ebert of Harvard or Dean Lewis Thomas of Yale.

By October, 1972, Squibb's Mysteclin-F was in trouble. The FDA had been trying to get the drug off the market since 1969, but Squibb had managed to postpone final FDA action several times by pleading that it was awaiting new evidence of the drug's effectiveness. Since Mysteclin-F has been among the 200 best-selling prescription drugs for the last 12 years, certification was literally a multi-million dollar matter for Squibb.

In the fall of 1972, the evidence had finally been gathered. But Squibb apparently felt that the research findings alone would not be enough to convince the FDA to rule in favor of Mysteclin-F. So the company rolled out its two big guns from academic

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medicine to present the findings to the FDA.

To understand why the Deans' testimony aroused controversy, it is necessary to examine some of the criticisms that had been leveled against the drug. Mysteclin-F is what is known as a "combination drug": it includes fixed parts of tetracycline (a commonly prescribed antibiotic) and amphotericin-B (a less common antifungal antibiotic compound).

The problem with "combinations" is that they can lead to sloppy and irrational prescribing habits. Because the combination is fixed, it almost inevitably over-prescribes or under-prescribes one of the two components. Squibb has promoted Mysteclin-F as a good way for doctors to hedge their bets when they are uncertain whether a patient suffering from microbial infection has a fungal infection as well.

While the combinations' defects have not prevented them from attaining commercial success, the drugs have been under attack for years. In 1957 an editorial in the *Archives of Internal Medicine stated:*

> There are no data or experience which would justify the employment of any fixed combination of antibiotics in a single tablet or capsule for systematic use. It is our firm conviction that the promotion and sale of such combinations should be discouraged. . . .

In 1967 the National Academy of Science's National Research Council concluded an exhaustive study of prescription drugs. The 30 NAS-NRC researchers—all specialists in the treatment of infectious diseases—concluded that fixed combinations "have no place in the treatment of infections" and requested that the FDA move to have them withdrawn from the market. That same year, Dr. Cavin M. Kunin, chairman of one of the NAS-NRC panels, told a special Senate investigative committee why he and his colleagues opposed combination drugs:

> These combinations are expensive, deny the physician flexibility in dosage, are primarily promotional devices, and have the inherent problem that the patient undergoes the risk of serious adverse reaction to two or more drugs rather than a single defined agent.

Ebert Is Not Consoled

In November, 1969, the FDA affirmed NAS-NRC's judgment against combinations and issued a "final order" to deny certification for Mysteclin-F. Squibb appealed the ruling, asking for time to gather more evidence. The drug continued to be sold. Meanwhile, Squibb commissioned the Roswell Park Cancer Institute in Buffalo, New York, to study the effects of Mysteclin-F components in the treatment of terminal cancer patients. Results from this study—in which neither Ebert nor Thomas had participated—made up the Deans' testimony at the special FDA hearing. The conclusion, they said, was that Mysteclin-F was more effective in treating certain types of fungal infections than tetracycline given alone or a placebo and should therefore remain on the market.

The FDA hearing panel was not impressed. One of the panel members

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told Morton Mintz of *The Washington Post* that the new data was "marginal at best." Another said privately that he "could not support a recommendation that Mysteclin-F be marketed," and he added, "I don't think [the Deans] showed efficacy."

(The FDA has not yet made a final ruling on the appeal. But if, as expected, the agency tries to suspend marketing of the drug, it is likely that Squibb will appeal the ruling in court. Last year Mysteclin-F was one of the 100 most popular prescription drugs, even after so much adverse publicity. Squibb couldn't afford not to wage a protracted fight.)

Dean Ebert's decision to go to bat for Squibb takes on new meaning in light of another doctor's experience. Dale A. Console was medical director for Squibb until he "reached a point where I could no longer live with myself" and resigned. In 1969 he went public and told Senate investigators about the harm that pharmaceutical propaganda could do:

> How can legitimate education compete with the carefully contrived distortions driven home by the trip-hammer effect of weekly mailings, the regular visits of the detail man, two-page spreads, and the ads that appear six times in the same journal; not to mention the added inducement of the free cocktail party and the golf outing complete with three golf balls stamped with the name of the doctor and the company in contrasting colors? Drug advertising and promotion efforts encourage the doctor to believe that there is an easy way to practice medicine.

Wheaties As Staff of Life

In analyzing Ebert's behavior, it is only fair to note that he may have been influenced by peer-group pressure which forced him to adopt the moral standards of those around him. Modern universities have been characterized as large-scale "knowledge factories," but the professors themselves are the last great class of individual entrepreneurs. Each tinkers away at his own special project, hoping to strike it big with a new textbook or the next coup from the lab.

The academics have managed to keep the wraps on their long-running hustle, so that outside the university an Ivy League professor is still the very model of respectability. Politicians seem especially taken in by this air of patrician morality. President Nixon has used his Harvard men—Elliot Richardson, James Schlesinger, William Ruckelshaus, Henry Kissinger—as all-purpose Mr. Cleans, assignable wherever the veneer of honesty is wearing thin.

It's been a good thing for Nixon that his enemies haven't gotten a close look at the kind of moral example Harvard is actually providing. Another brief illustration from Dean Ebert's corner of the university suggests how easily professional ethics may be bent.

Since 1942, Dr. Frederick J. Stare has been chairman of the Department of Nutrition at Harvard's School of Public Health. From 1942 to 1967 he also served as editor of *Nutrition Reviews*, a publication of the Nutrition Foundation.

At first glance, Stare's editorship would seem an appropriate outlet for his scientific expertise. But *Nutrition Reviews* happens to be the creature of

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the major food processors and refiners that underwrite the Nutrition Foundation. The Foundation's sponsors include Coca-Cola, General Foods, General Mills, Nabisco, Safeway, Swift, Standard Brands, and United Fruit. In addition to his work for the Nutrition Foundation, for the last nine years Stare has been a director of Continental Can Company, one of the nation's largest food-packaging companies.

A nutrition professor might be expected to maintain considerable critical distance from commercial food processing and marketing interests, but Dr. Stare has embraced them—through direct affiliations with the corporations and through the advice he dispenses in his nutrition column, which is syndicated in over 100 newspapers. Reviewing Stare's remarkable career, James Turner concluded in *The Chemical Feast* that Stare was "one of the leading apologists for the food industry."

Dr. Stare, like Dean Ebert, has tried to help his corporate friends fend off threats from the federal government. For example, in August, 1970, Dr. Stare testified before the Senate consumer subcommittee on behalf of Kellogg's and Nabisco, the cereal industry giants. The subcommittee was investigating charges that breakfast cereals which were being marketed through high-pressure sales campaigns directed at children were shockingly low in nutritional content. Despite a barrage of evidence from witnesses substantiating the charges against the cereal companies, Dr. Stare blandly told the Senators that "breakfast cereals are good foods." Breakfast cereals are also a $700-million industry.

Giant corporations are good to their friends. Stare has said that he receives retainers from two cereal companies and the Cereal Institute which equal one quarter of his salary. But perhaps more important is the fact that six months after Stare's 1970 testimony, the Harvard School of Public Health received $2 million from the Kellogg Foundation to support nutritional research. In addition, the 1971-1972 financial report to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College listed contributions to the School of Public Health's Department of Nutrition from the following corporations and industry foundations: Beech Nut, the Council for Tobacco Research, First National Stores, the International Sugar Research Foundation, Nabisco, the Nestle Foundation, Procter and Gamble, E. R. Squibb and Sons, the Sugar Association, the Tuna Research Foundation, and the United Brands Foundation.

Stare's behavior has been far more flagrant than Ebert's, but in a sense it is less disturbing. By now, Stare has become notorious as a commercial booster; no one points him out as an illustration of medicine's noblest aspects. Ebert, by contrast, is still regarded as an exemplary physician. How can medicine ever purge itself of men like Stare when the very top of the structure is riddled with so many moral compromises?

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Despite Morton Mintz's thorough reporting in *The Washington Post* and several stories and an editorial in the Harvard *Crimson*, the 1972 revelations of Dean Ebert's relationship with Squibb were greeted with disdain by the Harvard administration and won a great yawn of apathy from most of the student body.

Times had certainly changed. In 1969 medical school protesters had forced Ebert's immediate resignation from the Squibb board of directors. One might have expected an even greater outcry in 1972, since Ebert's post-1969 involvement with Squibb was in many ways more questionable than his directorship had been. (Before withdrawing into silence, Ebert said of his consulting work: "I wouldn't pretend that what I do now is anything more than what Squibb is interested in.") But despite some protests, Ebert was able to ride out the 1972 *affaire* Squibb without resigning his consultantship or making any extensive public statements.

Harvard administrators did their best to create an impression that they had suddenly been struck deaf and dumb on the Ebert issue. University President Derek C. Bok repeatedly refused to comment. He may have been motivated by a desire to spare Ebert from trauma, but his silence left the impression that the university did not consider the conflict-of-interest problem worthy of serious consideration. In fact, when one student proposed a university-wide "audit" of consulting work, a very prominent administration official attacked the idea as "McCarthyite."

There was chagrin in Cambridge when Yale showed signs of taking the Squibb matter seriously. Administrators and faculty members in New Haven subjected Dean Thomas to more extensive scrutiny than Ebert had undergone at Harvard. Although Thomas' conduct had been virtually the same as Ebert's, he had not been as prominent an ethical and professional leader.

The Yale Medical School Council attempted to raise the basic ethical questions confronting academics who want to make practical use of their knowledge without compromising their honesty or objectivity. The Council acknowledged that "involvement in public affairs by academic people, particularly those with substantial responsibility, will necessarily pose problems of conflict of interest." But having posed the question, the Council ducked answering it, concluding with the lame assurance that conflict of interest "is a risk that can, and indeed must be faced." For good measure, the Council reaffirmed its "high esteem for the integrity and credibility of Dean Lewis Thomas."

In the same spirit of medical courtesy, students have abandoned the harsh moral tone which caused such unpleasantness during the 1960s. In 1969, the same year that students forced Dean Ebert to resign his Squibb directorship, 45 second-year medical students—more than one third of the sophomore class—returned to Eli Lilly and Company, a pharmaceutical manufacturer, a set of expensive gifts which they had received the year before. The gifts included doctors' "black bags" and medical instruments such as stethoscopes, tuning forks, and percussion hammers. In a letter to Lilly, the students noted the "unhealthy relationship" that existed between the drug industry and the medical profession and pledged themselves to reform the situation. They wrote:

> The medical profession is largely responsible, because it does not maintain proper distance from the industry. This distance is essential for the doctor's objectivity. Since the doctor is in a unique economic position, namely that of directing what the consumer will buy, strict objectivity is his obligation to the patient.

By 1972 Harvard medical students were wondering whether it made sense to pay for equipment which they could be getting for free. This year students circulated a petition asking Eli Lilly and Company to bring back its black bags. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

"Thank God No Money Was Involved"

President Nixon's remark, "Thank God no money was involved" at his August 22 press conference is all the background needed for this story told by Sam Ervin taken from Bill Wise's new book, *The Wisdom of Sam Ervin*:

One clear thing about elections is that some men who are not willing to spend a penny of another man's money are willing to steal elections.

We cannot hope that everybody will be as honest as the two men who went to a cemetery in a county in my state to get names from the gravestones.

One of them was reading off the gravestones and the other was writing them down. One man read, "Sacred to the Memory of Israel Sherinstein."

The other man said, "Wait a minute—that's a long name. We can divide that into two parts and two voters here."

The other fellow said, "No, sir. If I'm going to have anything to do with this, it's going to have to be honest."

Red Centennial

It is entirely possible that the spirit of detente may have encouraged some of us to go too far in overlooking Communism's shortcomings. But if there has been too little criticism of the Marxist states recently, Arlington House, the publishing firm, is certainly not to blame. Among its current titles are: *Red Spies in the U. S.*, *Psycho-Chemical Warfare: The Chinese Communist Drug Offensive Against the West*, *Soviet Conquest from Space*, and *National Suicide: Military Aid to the Soviet Union*. Our favorites are *The Children of Darkness: Some Heretical Reflections on the Kid Cult* and *Leftism: From deSade to Marcuse*.

More Welfare for the Wealthy

Steadily increasing federal salaries have given Montgomery County, a Maryland suburb of Washington, the second highest per capita income in the country. Under one of Congress' more brilliant schemes, the county government has also received federal aid to the tune of $6.8 million over the last two years to "compensate" for the burden that children of federal employees impose on the school system. Counties without federal employees get nothing. But of course, they have the consolation of not having to count all those dollars coming in from taxes on federal employees' salaries.

Palmby's the One

Those who have followed these columns closely know that *The Washington Star-News*' John Fialka is one of the more careful students of the exotica surrounding the Russian grain deal. His latest discovery is that the Russians originally wanted to buy directly from the U. S. government—instead of through commercial grain companies—and make payment in one of two commodities cherished by our government: cash or natural gas. Such an arrangement would have meant that the government would have known the true dimensions of the deal and called a halt before the Russians got away with one fourth of the 1972 wheat crop and started what seems to be an unending inflationary spiral in food costs. The man who rejected the first Russian proposal was none other than Clarence Palmby. Several days afterwards Palmby resigned his position as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture for Foreign Trade and took a job with Continental Grain, one of the main beneficiaries of the Russian wheat deal.

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Will General Haig Give the Order?

Philip Roth has written the speech he thinks President Nixon will deliver on the day the Senate votes to remove him from office which says in part:

My fellow Americans, I owe it not only to these great American Presidents who preceded me in this high office, but to my family, and to you and your families, to respect and honor that oath to which I swore on the Holy Bible on my Inauguration Day. To speak personally, I just couldn't live with myself if I went ahead and shirked my duty to safeguard the security of the nation.

And that is why I have decided tonight to remain in this Office. My fellow Americans, though I respect the sincerity and the integrity of those Senators who voted earlier in the day for my removal, I find, after careful study and grave reflection, that to accept their decision would be to betray the trust placed in me by the American people, and to endanger the security and the well-being of this nation. . . .

In order to discourage those who would resort to violence of any kind, in order to maintain law and order in the nation and to safeguard the welfare and well-being of law-abiding American citizens, I have tonight, in my constitutional role as Commander-in-Chief, ordered the Joint Chiefs of Staff to place the Armed Forces on a stand-by alert around the nation.

The chance that this order might actually be given increases our interest in the man who would transmit it. How would Alexander Haig react if ordered to get on the phone to his old friends in the Army? Two stories Haig tells about his own experience as a fighting man hint at his likely response.

During the Korean War Haig served as an aide to a general. At one point, the General expressed concern that his bedroll would get wet in the Inchon landing. Haig waded ashore carrying the General's bedroll on his head.

In the second incident, during the retreat from the reservoir, the General suddenly realized he had left his bathtub behind and said, "I don't want any goddam Chink taking a bath in my tub." Haig crawled behind enemy lines and demolished the bathtub with a grenade.

Gold Bulldog

We are indebted to the *National Observer* for pointing out that former Congressman J. Irving Whalley, who was recently indicted for receiving salary kickbacks from members of his staff, was four times the winner of the National Association of Businessmen's gold Bulldog Award. The award was given for a voting record that reflected "a pattern which distinguishes the spenders from the economy-minded Members of Congress."

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A Latin-American Vietnam

by Jack Hood Vaughn

Early in the first Nixon Administration there were signs that a new general policy for Latin America was in the offing. "Mature partnership" and "low profile" were two expressions coined by the White House to describe the changing U. S. position. However vague, these concepts seemed to promise the Latins a welcome respite from the coercion for collective security begun by John Foster Dulles in the fifties, and from a decade of bureaucratic pursuit of higher gross national products glamorized by JFK as the Alliance for Progress.

Although mature partnership still remains something of an unfulfilled promise—with Mexico and Brazil as possible exceptions—the U. S. has succeeded in lowering its profile throughout the hemisphere since 1969. In certain instances where nationalistic noises suddenly grew shrill (Peru, Chile), the U. S. retreat appeared an astute choice of withdrawal over expulsion. In most other cases where the U. S. disengagement was less like a forced march, the results have brought expressions of relief from all sides.

Jack Vaughn was Ambassador to Panama and an Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America.

Now the U. S. has finally abandoned its blanket emphasis on security and Pan-American solidarity; all the nations of the Americas have responded by concentrating on doing their own thing—economically, politically, and militarily.

All, that is, except Panama. Still a U. S. colony in many important respects, Panama continues to be the Pentagon's southern security blanket. From the start, the American military has helped make Panama what it is today. In 1903 Teddy Roosevelt willed the nation into existence by recognizing its "independence" from Colombia after disturbances in which the U. S. Marine Corps played a major role. The grateful Panamanians quickly negotiated a treaty giving the U. S. perpetual sovereignty over the Canal Zone. Since then, U. S. policy towards Panama has been formulated and independently carried out by the U. S. Army.

The U. S. military command in Panama is made of two parts: a major general from the Corps of Engineers who governs the Panama Canal Company from Balboa Heights, and a four-star general from the Army (CINCSOUTH) who directs Canal Zone military operations from an

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underground complex at Quarry Heights. Their overriding common objective is to maintain the status quo, and over the years they have been largely immune to the precepts and changes of U. S. foreign policy. Today there could hardly be greater contrast between President Nixon's policy for Latin America and his armed forces' policy for operating in Panama.

While the Administration's policy has led to a reduction in all U. S. military missions assigned to other Latin nations, the Pentagon has maintained its top-heavy command intact in the Zone. (The superabundance of colonels in the Southern Command has led enlisted men to refer to it as "Southern Comfort.") While the U. S. military in all other Latin nations is under the direct supervision of the U. S. ambassador, in Panama independent policy control is exercised by the Pentagon. Just when President Nixon was assuring our good neighbors that the U. S. would wear a white hat in the hemisphere, the Pentagon expanded training of Green Berets in the Zone.

I confess that my unsuccessful efforts at reasoning with Pentagon brass on Canal Zone issues has caused me considerable frustration and disillusionment over the years. My last failure occurred one very hot afternoon in 1966, when as Assistant Secretary of State I was visiting the American embassy in Panama. My innocuous objective was to convince the general in charge of the Southern Command that it was hardly in the U. S. interest to continue teaching napalm bombing to Latin American pilots. I pointed out that the first time a Latin pilot dropped napalm on his own people—napalm he had been trained to mix and launch at a Canal Zone training course—the U. S. would be in a totally indefensible position, not just with God and Bill Fulbright, but with the world as well. I made not a dent.

The Anachronistic Army

Ever since he helped seize power in 1968, Panama's military leader, Brigadier General Omar Torrijos Herrera, has been trying to force the U. S. to remove the Southern Command, its multiple bases, dozen generals, and 10,000 troops from the Canal Zone. Although he and most of his officers have been trained in the Zone, Torrijos feels that such a dominant foreign military presence in the middle of Panama is anachronistic and

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colonial. He stresses that the "Vietnam mentality" of U. S. military leadership makes close relationships impossible and a renegotiation of the Canal Treaty out of the question. Intransigence on the treaty can only inflame the Panamanians, for they now feel grossly abused by it. The original treaty, signed in 1903, granted the U. S. perpetual sovereignty over the Canal Zone. Although the U. S. made some concessions and increased its annual payment to the Panamanians through treaty amendments in 1936 and 1955, the important clause about perpetual sovereignty remains. With the end of the Cold War and the virtual elimination of the Canal's strategic importance, Torrijos suspects that the reason the Pentagon is so interested in keeping the Canal and deploying its gringo troops is to defend against the Panamanians.

To General Torrijos, his National Guard, and his people, there are two major issues to be resolved immediately: whether the U. S. will continue to be sovereign in the Canal Zone, and how long the Pentagon will remain there en masse.

From the U. S. side, especially for congressional and military leaders, the most important issues are related to the defense of the Western Hemisphere, to U. S. prestige, to the Russian, Cuban, or Chilean menace, and to Panama's immaturity and unreliability as a partner. ("Can't you just imagine how those Panamanians would operate the Canal during Carnival?") Some American congressmen recently reasoned that since certain Panamanian officials were reportedly involved in drug trafficking, it would be inappropriate to conclude a new treaty with a government which contained such irresponsible elements. Shortly thereafter, Panamanians floated the theory that no responsible government should stoop to dealing with a country capable of a Vietnam or with an Administration mired in a Watergate.

But the thoughts always return to "national security" as the reason for the U. S. presence in the Canal Zone. As the American public has learned through Watergate, a multitude of sins—and sinners—can huddle together under the shelter of this vague phrase. Panamanians believe the national security rationale is used to obscure rank colonialism in their country. The best job in the Zone, for example, is piloting ships through the Canal. No Panamanian has ever been allowed to become a pilot. The 1964 riots against American bases were touched off by apparently willful acts of humiliation. After the U. S. agreed to fly the Panamanian flag in the Zone, America's representatives contrived a dozen petty ways to offend the Panamanians' pride while technically obeying orders.

The U. S. military preeminence in Panama, which has not been well publicized inside this country, is largely perpetuated by help from the Pentagon's friends in Congress. Inveterate supporters of the military such as Senator Strom Thurmond, together with senior House members of the Panama Canal subcommittee, have traditionally echoed the blunt phrases of Pennsylvania's Democratic Congressman Daniel Flood. Over the years, Flood has outspokenly maintained that to make any concession to Panama would be to give away the "American Birthright."

As if to demonstrate that the birthright was in good hands, Rep. Leonor K. Sullivan, chairwoman of the Panama Canal subcommittee, summarized the feeling of that group in a House resolution last February. After lamenting that "recent administrations of our government have engaged in diplomatic negotiations with Panamanian governments, a prime purpose of which has been surrender of United States sovereignty over the Canal Zone to Panama," she concluded:

> Be it resolved that it is the sense of the House of Representatives that the government of the United States should maintain and protect its sovereign rights and jurisdiction over said Canal Zone and Panama Canal,

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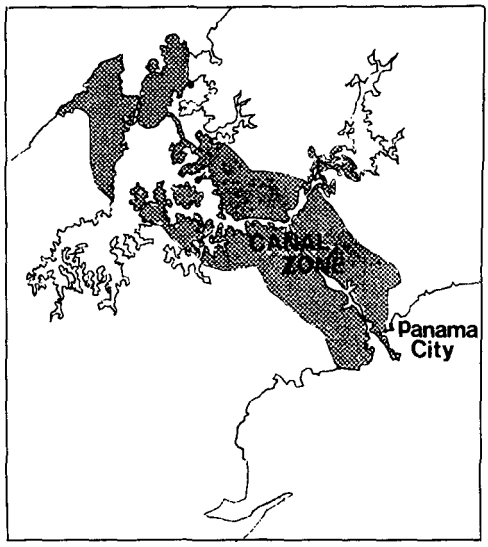
and that the United States government should in no way cede, dilute, forfeit, negotiate, or transfer any of these sovereign rights, power, authority, jurisdiction, territory, or property to any other sovereign nation or to any international organization. . . .

With ideas like this floating around the halls of Congress, the Pentagon never has had to make its case independently, or ever really worry about the possibility of the Senate ratifying a treaty which would undercut the military's position. The generals who speak out on Canal issues are invariably retired or reserve officers who alternately wrap themselves in the flag and rap the knuckles of the Department of State for wanting to give so much away to ungrateful, hotblooded natives.

The success our congressional-military complex has experienced in thwarting all manner of assaults on its Panamanian *cordon sanitaire* is downright brilliant. Presidents' orders have been reversed, diplomatic maneuvers and decisions brushed aside, and the United Nations told to go to hell.

Setbacks have been rare and minor, due more to wild chance than to determined opposition. Perhaps the most serious occurred early in 1973 when some hard-line congressmen and their military colleagues were prevented by God from placing their own agent right in the enemy heartland. Seventy-one-year-old Ohio Rep. Frank T. Bow was chosen as President Nixon's nominee ambassador to Panama. Bow died before he could be confirmed by the Senate, but not before Panama had reacted in a way that dramatized the gap between the two countries—by sending a bright, aggressive 27-year-old as its ambassador to Washington.

But if it has encountered few problems at home, the Pentagon's monumental lack of sensitivity to the Panamanian point of view and its reluctance to consult with the Panamanians in important matters has yielded a whole crop of mistrust and ill will in Panama.



A most striking instance took place in 1962 at the dedication ceremonies for a bridge the U. S. Army had built over the Pacific entrance to the Canal. For half a century, access to the interior of the country from Panama City had been provided by the Thatcher Ferry, named after Governor Maurice H. Thatcher, one of the chief U. S. engineers during construction of the canal. Inevitably, Panamanians had come to identify his name with the days of raw colonialism, the days of separate toilet and drinking facilities for Americans and Panamanians, the days when Panamanians were paid much lower wages than Americans for work done in the Zone.

For decades, Panamanian presidents and foreign ministers had beseeched the U. S. Army to replace the Thatcher Ferry with a bridge. The Panamanians were content enough with the ferry, but they longed for a symbolic reunification of their country, cut in two by the Canal. When the U. S. decided to build the bridge, Panamanians naturally assumed with great satisfaction that their long-denied wish for a new national image was being satisfied. Some even believed the event heralded a new era of mutual understanding and communication. In fact, the U. S. had approved the bridge only because of steadily

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increasing traffic in the Canal and the Pentagon's professed need for greater maneuverability within the Zone.

Before U. S. Undersecretary of State George Ball began his prepared remarks at the festive and dramatic dedication ceremonies, a bronze plaque on the bridge was unveiled.

It read: Thatcher Ferry Bridge.

A Minority of One

Pressures against the U. S. military presence in the Canal Zone began to mount after the serious riots of 1964. President Johnson, sensing a need for greater civilian influence on U. S. policy in Panama and at least an equal role for the State Department, created the Panama Review Committee. It had three members: the U. S. ambassador as chairman, CINCSOUTH, and the governor of the Zone. As ambassador at the time, I found myself consistently out-voted on the important issues, and my two very capable successors have continued to represent the minority view of one.

Shortly after the riots, LBJ set the stage for the ultimate showdown with the Pentagon. In mid-1964 he agreed to undertake bilateral negotiations with Panama aimed at drafting a completely new Canal treaty and revising the military base rights agreement. The U. S. military quickly countered by introducing a third element into the negotiations: the study of a possible sea-level canal in Panama. This third issue has clouded, complicated, and prolonged negotiations to the point where, nine years later, the two sides seem as far apart as ever. The quiet resignation last July of Robert B. Anderson, Secretary of the Treasury under Eisenhower and Chief U. S. negotiator since 1964, wrapped up the nine years of Phase One.

The most recent Canal confrontation occurred in March, 1973, at a special United Nations Security Council meeting in Panama City. The Panamanians may have imagined that the U. S., faced with world-wide pressure and even humiliation, would be forced to agree officially to negotiate a "prompt and equitable" settlement of its treaty differences with Panama. In a manner which has become traditional in Panama-U. S. negotiations, the U. S. made it clear to all present that it was very, very unhappy at being pressured to discuss its Panamanian affairs with anyone else in the room. When a resolution urging a new treaty settlement came up, the U. S. cast its third veto in United Nations history as the Pentagon again prevailed over both common sense and the State Department in setting American policy. Worse still, the performance of both the accused and the accuser struck observers as behavior unbecoming two civilized, friendly nations. When the Council had adjourned, Panama seemed to have gained *nothing—as usual—save* reconfirmation of the fact that virtually every member of the United Nations (all of whom remember the decisively anti-colonial and pro-Egyptian stance of the U. S. during the takeover in the Suez Canal in 1956) agrees with Panama's aspirations.

Meanwhile, back at the Pentagon, there is renewed confidence that the Army's Panamanian policy and apparatus are as impregnable as a mothballed battleship, at least as long as the Constitution does not provide for separation of military and legislative powers. And, with Melvin Laird and General Alexander Haig now installed in final defensive lobbying positions around the White House, the worst may well be over for Quarry Heights.

Yet on the Panamanian side, all the elements needed to propel a classic colonial stalemate beyond peaceful negotiation are in place: an overflowing measure of nationalism, a people in full support of their tough and charismatic leader on the Big Issue, strictly controlled media, virtually nonexistent communications with Canal Zone military leadership, and the widely held Panamanian conviction that the U. S. Army does not believe in evolution. The tinder awaits the spark. ■

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June 1, 1970: TIME Magazine publishes a piece called "To Wire A Nation."

CASE NO. 2

Sept. 21, 1970: The NATION runs "Richard Nixon, Theologian" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

July 3, 1972: The NEW YORK TIMES features "Mr. Nixon's Theology" by Charles P. Henderson, Jr.

CASE NO. 3

June 4, 1973: The NATION runs "Appraising the GAO," a piece about the General Accounting Office by Peter Gruenstein.

June 17, 1973: THE WASHINGTON POST hits with "Congress' GAO Becomes 'Fiscal FBI.'"

CASE NO. 4

Sept. 13, 1971: The NATION digs into "The Corporate Underground" by Timothy H. Ingram.

On Oct. 9, Nov. 3 and 8, 1971, BUSINESS WEEK, The WALL STREET JOURNAL and NEWSWEEK all run the same story, quoting Mr. Ingram.

CASE NO. 5

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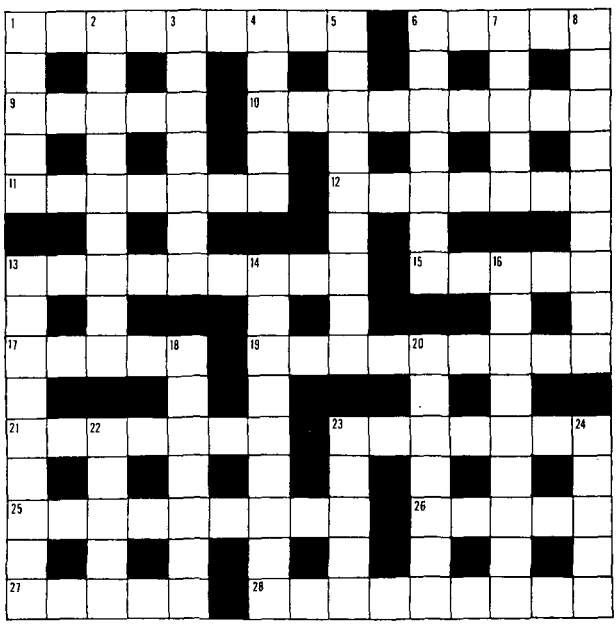
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. May follow chief or precede assistant in D. C. (9)
6. Brace itself for bitter taste. . . (5)
9. . . . of inexpensive peach. (5)
10. May follow 1 Across in D. C. (9)
11. Tear all sheets sidewise. (7)
12. Pen exes item from account. (7)
13. Place to look out for stern cows. (5-4)
15. Find something to praise in sex alteration. (5)
17. Self-contained sensors. (5)
19. To whom team prays for salary checks. (9)
21. Part let alone is quite flat. (7)
23. Seek answer among church singers? (7)
25. Get speech styles from Eric Short. (9)
26. "For where there are ––– there's loving and fighting." Kipling. (5)
27. Cruel wind not blowing currently? (5)
28. The planes disgorge party symbols. (9)

DOWN

1. Come out best before Lent. (5)
2. Choices made among elevated notices. (9)
3. Judges find the prime among us. (7)
4. Find cause in chimp elations. (5)
5. Apparently why ten lived. (9)
6. One bone pastry produces youth. (1, 6)
7. One ye need to keep to monitor. (3, 2)
8. Eastern accomplishment in beer does yeoman service. (9)
13. Little company spin around Communist made mischief. (9)
14. Lost when long-time peer exits. (9)
16. Wearing it into art. (9)
18. To us it's mean when she passes up dance. (4, 3)
20. You should know when Ash quit as Prime Minister. (7)
22. An eye for an ear in the sports place. (5)
23. It's time for Susie to come out. (5)
24. Where one gets all those moral ideas. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. *Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 52.*

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After the Scandal: Picking Up the Pieces

by Frank Browning

As the casualties of political scandal accumulate, many careers lie in ruins. In happier times, Jeb Magruder had planned to return to his native California and run for a seat in Congress. It is likely that John Dean's hopes were as high, as were those of Gordon Strachan and the dozen others now laid low by public censure.

These are young men. Although they had been working on the fringes of power, most of them have been touched with scandal before their careers have really begun. Twenty-five years from now they will still be supporting their families, still trying to make some sense of their accomplishments and fates. As they contemplate what those years may bring, they may do well to study the story of a man who has walked the same path, Edward Prichard, humiliated by political scandal and jailed 23 years ago.

As the New Deal was supplanted by the Fair Deal, Prichard was among the most promising of the young men who congregated in Washington. Although "Prich" was born into politics as the son of a state senator in Bourbon County, Kentucky, his rapid rise was earned rather than inherited. Pronounced a prodigy in grade school, Prichard went through Princeton and Harvard Law School with a record so sterling that he was selected to clerk for Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter. For a young man, perhaps no position could have provided swifter entree into the heady world of Washington during the Roosevelt Administration. After his service with Frankfurter, high government posts followed in quick succession. Before he was 30, Prichard was an assistant U. S. Attorney General; from there he went to the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion as general counsel; and when the war ended, he was assistant to Treasury Secretary Frederick Vinson, who later served as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

But a man can stay too long in Washington if he's hoping for power in state politics. Credentials from the Capitol aren't enough to win elections. Not in Kentucky, anyway. A good family goes far in Kentucky, and Prichard's was good enough, though it was never at the heart of the mint julep aristocracy. So, at the end of the

Frank Browning, a native of Kentucky, is a former editor of Ramparts.

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war, Prich came home, brilliant, cocky, and still young enough to have retained his Bourbon County accent.

Coming home to Kentucky, unlike claiming electoral residency in California or New York, means passing muster with the boys. Perhaps Prich's undoing was that he tried too hard to prove that his years in Washington hadn't made him too good for the rough-and-tumble of Kentucky politics. By 1948, Prichard had established law offices in Lexington and in Frankfort, the state capital. But the law practice was just a front for his real ambition—a race for the governorship in 1951. This was far from secret, and Prich's return was hardly reassuring for older Democrats who still harbored hopes of rising to the top of Kentucky politics.

For anyone who wanted to be governor of Kentucky, the 1948 election was particularly important. The state's Democrats, certain that Truman was doomed to defeat, felt they faced a difficult race for the Senate—where Republican John Sherman Cooper was making his first bid against Virgil Chapman, a Democrat from Prichard's own Bourbon County.

Prich's motivations at this time are still unclear. Perhaps he thought he had to produce a landslide for Chapman in his home county. Or perhaps it was the outgrowth of some late-night dare to demonstrate that Washington hadn't made him too good for Bourbon County politics.

In any case, Prich's plans came to a sudden end on election day, 1948. Before the polls opened, election officials delivered the heavy metal ballot boxes to the precincts. As they were being transported, a few of the ballot boxes seemed to rustle suspiciously. A sheriff was summoned and he discovered that 254 ballots had been stuffed into the boxes—all but one marked straight Democratic.

Even in Bourbon County, this was serious business, and the incident gave rise to an exhaustive investigation by the FBI and a local grand jury. In early 1949, Prichard and his law partner, A. E. "Little Al" Funk, the son of the state attorney general, were indicted for election fraud.

Both Prichard and Funk denied everything, and handwriting experts and fingerprinting analysts were called in to examine the forged ballots. However, right after the election, before there were any indictments, Prichard had sought the counsel of Phil Ardery, a former law partner and Prich's roommate at Harvard. The Arderys were old family friends, and Phil drove Prich over to see his father, Circuit Judge William B. Ardery. As the Judge recalled the visit, Prich came out onto the porch alone and his first words were, "Judge, I'm in deep trouble and I want your advice." Then Prich told the whole story about stuffing the forged ballots. Meanwhile, Phil and his mother remained inside but within easy earshot through an open window.

Prich and the Arderys both deny telling anyone about that conversation, but by the time the case came to trial in July, 1949, the federal prosecutor had heard a rumor of it and he called Judge Ardery to the stand. Prich fought the introduction of the Judge's testimony, claiming attorney-client privilege, and the court recessed for two days to hear the defense motion. Ardery's testimony was the prosecution's only real chance for a conviction. But when the court reconvened, the old judge was directed to reveal what Prich had told him. (Asked to recount what advice he had offered, Judge Ardery said, "I suggested. . . that he go to see his pastor. He didn't seem inclined to receive that suggestion favorably.")

Only Prich was convicted, because any testimony the Judge could give against Funk was not admissable because it was hearsay. Prichard fought his conviction on the grounds that the lawyer-client privilege had been violated, and nearly a year was spent on appeals. Finally, the Supreme Court refused to consider the case because four Justices—Felix Frankfurter, Frederick Vinson,

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Stanley Reed, and Tom Clark, all Prichard's friends or associates—disqualified themselves. More than 100 prominent lawyers petitioned President Truman requesting executive clemency for Prichard. At the same time, Prichard's attorneys appealed to the federal court to reduce his sentence to probation and a fine, arguing that the almost-certain destruction of his political career was punishment enough. But presiding Judge H. Church Ford felt otherwise:

> There is no trouble... to determine the sentence in cases where there has been a deliberate and flagrant violation of the laws by a man of education, mature years, mature experience. The defendant here has sat silent—but I remember that 254 ballots were forged, after being stolen or surreptitiously extracted from a government office—and surreptitiously deposited in 11 precincts. It would be a perversion and abuse of the laws of probation when the offense was deliberate."

So, in the summer of 1950, Edward F. Prichard, Jr., the man who used to sit up with FDR telling him about the horrors of Appalachia, the man who had planned to run for governor of Kentucky in 1951, entered the Federal Correctional Institution at Ashland, Kentucky. He served only five months of a two-year sentence, released when President Truman granted a Christmas clemency.

When Prich left prison at the end of 1950, he was a young man caught in a vacuum. While Governor Earle Clements had offered character testimony at Prich's trial, it was hopeless to think of offering Prich any kind of political position afterwards. Prichard had managed to avoid permanent disbarment only by voluntarily relinquishing his license. For two years he couldn't practice law at all. Although Prichard never was a social or political untouchable, consorting with a "known felon," as one opponent called him, was certainly not advisable for any aspiring politician. Mostly, Prich just waited. His extraordinary talents as a storyteller and his obvious mental agility gave him entree into the homes and taverns where politics are made. In 1952 he was allowed to rejoin the bar and built a small clientele handling wills, contracts, and civil cases—the normal diet of any attorney's office.

But Prich explains that period best himself:

> Well, hell, I'd just been in very serious trouble, and you don't step right out of that into a bed of roses. My problem was not reorganizing myself in some political activity. My problem was using that [political work] to some degree as a refuge from facing the problem of working harder to make a living—you know, just sorta go off and get tied up three or four months in a political campaign.
>
> I can recall during the war... when a former senator from Michigan named Prentice Brown was administrator of the Office of Price Administration, and of course he was totally unfitted for it. One day I was working in the White House with Judge Vinson [then Treasury Secretary] and we had to have a meeting about stabilization policies and we couldn't find Prentice Brown anywhere. Brown's assistant finally broke down and told us, "The pressure has become so great over here that every afternoon Prentice goes to the picture show from 2 to 5." It was only years later that I finally understood how one might do something like that. Instead of going to a picture show I would get involved in a political campaign.

Things began to change for Prichard in 1955 when the state Democratic Party went through one of its perennial divisive primaries. This was the year that ex-Senator and former Baseball Commissioner "Happy" Chandler decided to run again for governor—a position he had held 20 years earlier. Campaigning against him in the primary was Bert Combs, a liberal who described himself as a "hillbilly lawyer." Although he eventually lost, Combs had run well, and his following continued to grow throughout Chandler's four-year term. Prich became one of Comb's closest advisors.

Four years later, in 1959, Kentucky Democrats went through another public blood-letting with

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almost the same cast. The only difference was that the state's law prohibiting a governor from serving successive terms forced Chandler to run for lieutenant governor. Combs won, and during the next four years he relied heavily on Prichard as an unpaid but invaluable daily advisor. During that time Prichard spent as much as 90 per cent of his time on politics, letting his legal practice dwindle to almost nothing. From trouble-shooting around the state to writing legislation and maneuvering it through the statehouse, Prichard won a reputation as Frankfort's cleverest, most knowledgeable, and—if need be—most vicious rhetorician.

By this time Prichard had developed the knack of predicting election returns from almost all of Kentucky's 120 counties. To some extent this was merely grandstanding for the statehouse reporters, most of whom still regard him as one of their friendliest and most reliable sources. But Prichard's ability to carry these predictions off accurately derived from a passionate attention to county elections, from personal associations with local leaders around the state, and from an almost-perfect memory. Such scholarship—which stems from years of trading old stories with state legislators and their assistants—constituted the core of what might be called Prichard's rehabilitation. He made it a point to know where all the bodies were buried and which ones could be quickly exhumed to serve a political purpose.

It's hard to gauge how this work may have affected Prichard. Those who know him best say he loves nothing so much as the stuff of politics: the talking, the deals, and the maneuvering between boundaries of personal constraint and ideological commitment. Yet however absorbing this great, extended dance may have been, nearly all his partners were men whom he had surpassed a decade before, figures who even in late middle-age wouldn't possess the potential Prichard had had and lost in his twenties and thirties.

But none of these considerations prevented a primed and partially refurbished Prich from openly hitting the campaign trail in 1963 for Combs' designated successor, a boyish-looking Kennedy disciple named Ned Breathitt. Squared off against Breathitt was, once again, Happy Chandler. For Chandler, his opponent was not Breathitt but that "felon Prichard" whom Breathitt had as an advisor. Prich had not spoken in public for 15 years, but he responded to the charge with glorious fervor, launching into a series of speeches which gained a kind of immortality throughout the state, and a tape of one particular speech is still circulated with the same sort of devotion that some hold for rare Lenny Bruce recordings.

The speech was at Hindman, deep in the eastern mountains, and was delivered from the back of an iron-rimmed truck bed just before the May primary. As some 300 people stood around in a light mist, Prich lost no time in starting in on Chandler:

> The time's past, when some demagogue, some politician, some fellow that comes up here and sheds tears as big as soup beans and duck eggs every four years, the time's past when a fellow like that can turn East Kentucky against West Kentucky, and Louisville against the rest of the state. . . .
>
> This man that says Eastern Kentucky's nowhere and that says good four-lane roads are too *good* for Eastern Kentucky, that good parks are too *good* for the people of Eastern Kentucky, that good salaries are too *good* for the school teachers of Eastern Kentucky—this man is not your friend. He's just coming up here to gull you out of a few votes and then you won't see him again for four years.
>
> He says he's gonna build some country roads.
>
> Well, all right, I'll tell you how he built country roads during the last time he was governor. He took $869,000 out of the rural road fund and gave it in contracts to his son-in-law, *Jimmy Jack Lewis*. And 40 per cent of it was for designing roads that were never built. Now that's what he did with your rural road money.
>
> You've heard about paying a farmer not

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to grow tobacco, not to grow corn, but this is the first time in history that they ever paid an engineer *not* to build roads.

Now if you want to *Fill the Sack for Jimmy Jack*, if you want to pay $17,000 for a road grader that only cost $11,000 today, if you want to take rural road money to build a four-lane, concrete road from Versailles to Frankfort—cause that's where he got the money to build that road from his home to his golf course, *nine million dollars* out of the rural road fund . . . .

That highway from Versailles to Frankfort, that money they used to:

Fill the Sack

For Jimmy Jack

That money that they used to pay $6,000 a piece in fat, excess profits for kickbacks and payoffs for those road graders—why that'd have paved, that'd have blacktopped alotta miles of road in Knott County, wouldn't it my friends?. . . .

Now this man Chandler. He says he's a great friend of the one-gallis man, he talks a lot about the one-gallis man. You remember what the Bible says: not every man that says *Lord! Lord!* will enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Well, not every man that cries about the one-gallis man and the gingham-apron gal gives much of a hoot about her.

He lives in a $91,000 house in Versailles that somebody built for him the last time he was governor.

He lives by the side of a swimming pool that was given to him by a war contractor when he was a member of the United States Senate and was on the Military Affairs Committee that had jurisdiction over war contractors.

And that swimming pool used up the steel and the concrete and the metal that was needed for our war effort.

Three days after Pearl Harbor he resigned his commission in the United States Army and spent the war floating around on top of that swimming pool. Say a man that accepts that kind of gift isn't fit to be governor of Kentucky!

Chandler, who lost that election, has now drifted into Kentucky obscurity, a passe character at governors' brunches, hunting for someone to listen to him, while Prichard has earned a kind of respectability. "I don't think any individual in the state has had more influence on two and maybe three of the last four governors," Lexington *Herald* editor Don Mills says of Prichard. "Most Kentuckians look on Prichard as merely a shrewd dealer, a political strategist, and they fail to recognize the tremendous influence he's had on things considered right and good government—especially higher education and teacher salaries. Prichard was the same way in human rights during the struggles in the early sixties. He was always standing there advocating the right thing in that area. And whenever we got into trouble, Breathitt would say first thing, 'Get Prich here.' "

In 1966 Breathitt named Prichard to his first public post since the scandal, the newly created Public Council on Higher Education, the coordinating body for state colleges and universities. He is not as close to Wendell Ford, the current Democratic governor, as he was to Combs and Breathitt, partly because Prichard supported Combs in the 1971 primary against Ford.

Friends and close observers say it is honor that kept Prich from accepting paid public appointments from either Combs or Breathitt while they were governor. Honor not so much founded on his own pride, but a political honor and loyalty which would not allow slander directed at him to embarrass the man who appointed him. He claims not to have nurtured any personal political ambitions in the years since he left prison. "In the early phases of this period there were obvious reasons why it would have been improbable or impractical, and then in the later phases I felt the time had passed—too old if I had been interested."

Nevertheless, Prich was unable, or perhaps he never really desired, to leave electoral politics. "Maybe a fellow just wants to have the dog that bit him. I don't know. I might have got out. But I didn't. But this is more," he says in a kind of defiant self-discovery, "because it chose me, in a sense. At one time or another somebody would ask me to help him, and I'd be interested. In none of these occasions, really, did I have to inject myself, it was always somebody seek-

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ing my assistance."

Now in his late fifties, Prichard practices law vigorously. "After half a century of totally undisciplined life in which my law practice came after everything else, I've proved an old dog can learn new tricks and I've become a pretty active lawyer." His most successful recent case, he notes with modest irony, was a suit against former Republican Governor Nunn for firing several score of Democratic employees in violation of the Kentucky merit code. The fees Prich earned for winning more than $1 million in back salary payments amounted to far more than he had ever received for all his years of service to Kentucky Democrats.

Prich lectures regularly, too. His political acquaintances (a friend of LBJ's to the end, he recently spent several days at Lady Bird's ranch in Texas) and his rhetorical reputation are enough for him to command handsome speaking fees. Last May, before a group of Washington lawyers, Prich allowed that John Connally's brief return to the Nixon Administration had nothing to do with political expedience. "In the last judgment," Prichard said, "the Lord isn't going to send anybody anywhere. He's just going to take away their inhibitions and everybody's going to go where he belongs. That's all happened to John Connally. He looked 'em over and said, 'That's the crowd that bugged the Watergate, that's the crowd that tried to frame Ellsberg, that's the crowd that tried to falsify the record about Vietnam after President Kennedy's death. That's where I belong.' "

When Prich knows he's turned a good line, he saves it, relishes it, and maybe improves on it a little for visitors. Leaning back in his big leather swivel chair, scraping the paint off the wall behind, he'll shut his eyes, breathe as though he's dozed off, and then tell you, "You know, I'm not the bravest person in the world. I'm still not out in the open politically as far left as I feel. Probably, I've given a lot of hostages to fortune. And of course, too, I'm not sure I want to see myself described in print. I think I might rather be just talked about as some kind of folk villain."

His years of penance have not made Prichard into a saint. "Loyalty," he said in explaining a recent political maneuver, "I guess it's the only virtue I'd place above honor." Having paid for 25 years precisely because he chose loyalty above honor and the law, Prichard seems tragically blind to the source of his mistake. Although the trial and incarceration no longer play a part in his conversation, he obviously bears an abiding grudge against the Arderys, who helped send him to jail. "Now, I'm not going to take up for them," he said this year about one of the family. "Everybody knows I don't like them." And what has Judge Ardery done to wrong him? Not running to the police, nor secretly revealing a confidence, but only telling the truth when compelled in a courtroom.

Prichard's blindness to the flaw in values which brought about the sudden reversal in his fortunes, and the residue of bitterness which he evidently still nurses, are signs that he has not wholly redeemed himself, has not completely transcended his experience and grown beyond it. But there is much to admire in this imperfect Lord Jim. He did not disintegrate into self-pity or self-flagellation as a weaker man might have. More important, he did not let the grand visions of what he might have been and done prevent him from making the best contribution he could under the circumstances and having a lot of fun while doing it. He not only overcame the humiliating reduction from potential Olympian to servant of far lesser heroes than he might have been, but he did not succumb to being publicly branded, righteously pointed to as a sinner who had gotten his just deserts. One can only hope that Nixon's fallen young men will come to terms with their personal tragedy as well as Prichard did. ■

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Running for Office: All You Need Is an Issue

by Stephen Schlesinger

Until recently, the politician who was seriously weighing a race for the presidency, or for a lesser office like governor or senator, always faced the question of how to finance his fantasy. The question very quickly boiled down to this: Which special interests must I court? To which industries or unions or lobbies must I sell myself for the money to run my campaign?

Unless he decided to drop the race altogether, or unless he had inherited wealth, the candidate had no choice but to honor the system and plunk down his soul at the nearest financing institution he could find.

But developments in presidential campaign fund-raising over the past decade have dramatically altered the conventional ways of campaign financing. In the last three presidential elections, candidates with controversial, anti-institutional views on the right and on the left have won nominations and run national campaigns while raising most of their money from small contributors, thus avoiding dependence on special-interest funding. They have, however, paid for their acts of heterodoxy by losing their elections.

The insurgency campaign is still a very complicated and uncertain course for a candidate to follow: all recent insurgencies represented high-risk, high-octane politics where a single misstep could (and did) result in self-immolation. While insurgent politic has not passed the ultimate test—actually winning elections—something is stirring American voters.

Perhaps their attraction to insurgents is symptomatic of a disorderly time. The insurgent acts as a receptacle for the highly charged electrical currents loose in the society. The man or woman who lays out dimes and dollar bills for an insurgent candidate

Stephen Schlesinger is the former editor of The New Democrat.

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is clearly caught up in a symbolic act of protest—an emotional release from a sense of personal frustration. Frank Mankiewicz, political advisor to Senator McGovern during the 1972 presidential race, has suggested one explanation for this sort of candidate's appeal: "Anti-establishment, anti-rich, and anti-centrist. . . candidates can give the contributors the feeling that they are co-conspiring in an outsider's crusade."

Insurgency campaigns, however, may not be limited to candidates on the fringe. Rather, any candidate who identifies himself with an issue enough voters care about should be able to tap the small contributor. The era of insurgency then would mean not so much an increase in extremists and splinter groups as the rise of the issue-oriented candidate.

Millions Through the Mail

The crucial factor in turning the psychic emotions of alienated voters into campaign gold has been the development of two new methods for fund-raising on a scale suitable for nationwide campaigns. The first is something which has been a normal part of advertising in America for years—the direct-mail drive. Goldwater's extraordinarily successful use of direct mail in 1964 has made the technique an integral component of American political financing. The second new fund-raising method, also introduced somewhat audaciously by Goldwater (although Adlai Stevenson had experimented with it in a limited way in his two campaigns) is televised appeals for funds.

Goldwater raised about $20 million in contributions, largely through employing these two techniques. Large-scale, direct-mail drives to millions of names obtained from conservative lists around the country attracted approximately 300,000 small contributors before Goldwater was even nominated. After the convention, during the nadir of his campaign, Goldwater raised $15 million from about 650,000 people who responded to direct-mail appeals and TV appearances, and most of that money came in contributions of $100 or less. After his defeat, the party was left with over $1 million in surplus campaign contributions.

What happened to Goldwater is typical of what has happened to all insurgent candidates since—they seem to raise most of their money from small contributors when the going is at its roughest, when their entire campaign is falling to pieces. In part the feeling of co-conspiracy between the small contributor and the candidate is enhanced by adversity; and in part the electric discontents in society surge with new voltage in the heat of an intense, ideological fight.

In 1968 this phenomenon was repeated on an even larger scale than in 1964. This time there were insurgent campaigns on both the right and the left: Wallace and McCarthy. McCarthy's campaign, fueled by the protest against the war, moved outside the party structure and raised an extraordinary $11 million before the convention. What makes this total really impressive is that the candidate was leading a hastily organized, ad-hoc guerrilla uprising, and had to improvise his fund-raising activities throughout the campaign. McCarthy assembled an odd mixture of about 150,000 small contributors who gave less than $100, and about 50 large contributors.

His successful fund-raising effort was the first visible proof that in *both* political parties the makings of independent candidacies were present—a failing party, a turbulent society, and independent men who promised new and dramatic solutions to modern problems.

The most fascinating example of this new trend was the insurgency by George Wallace. Foraging for support outside the structure of both major parties, Wallace crystallized the enormous discontent with both major candidates and used racial and economic issues to appeal to millions of

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voters. Using direct-mail drives, he raised some $9 million. The Wallace staff estimated that 900,000 people contributed small amounts to the campaign. The real figure was probably closer to 750,000. Between February and October, 1968, Wallace raised $6.7 million, of which more than 75 per cent came from contributions of less than $100.

Both George Wallace and to a lesser degree, Eugene McCarthy, successfully employed direct mail to go outside the strictures of regular party financing. The pattern of well-financed insurgency campaigns blossoming in the cracks of the regular party organization was now established as part of American politics.

The insurgency campaign reached its highest stage of development in Senator McGovern's presidential campaign in 1972. Once again, in a time of national unrest, a politician's sharp views on the issues—particularly on Vietnam—mobilized great numbers of people to contribute to a seemingly forlorn campaign stuck at two or three per cent in the polls. In the period before the nomination, when McGovern was still considered a "one-issue" candidate, it was a fluctuating group of some 7,000 to 9,000 men and women contributing $10 a month that kept his campaign alive. This was just enough money every 30 days to keep McGovern's staff and office together through his bleak first year. Altogether, before the nomination, McGovern raised some $5 million through constant mailings and a few big contributions from wealthy liberals which served as "seed money."

After the nomination, McGovern raised six times as much money as he had in the pre-convention period. In August, September, and October—the months when his campaign was floundering, McGovern stimulated an incredible outpouring of donations through direct-mail drives and TV appeals. By the end of the campaign, the total number of contributors had reached nearly 700,000. McGovern had raised *in toto* about $33 million.

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the largest sum ever collected by a Democratic candidate, and as much as was raised in the three campaigns of Lyndon Johnson, John F. Kennedy, and Adlai Stevenson (in his second presidential bid) combined. From 60 to 65 per cent of this money came in donations of $100 or less. The other 35 to 40 per cent came from labor unions and a few well-heeled donors.

But looking through the still whirling dust storms of the 1972 election, it is apparent that the future of insurgency campaigns is still unsettled. First, one limitation on the issue-oriented candidate must be noted. He cannot attract potential small contributors unless he has a way of making his views known to them. Unless he has a name like Buckley, this means that he must convince the press that he and his ideas are newsworthy. It may be that the issue-oriented candidate must also have a touch of the press agent in his soul.

Second, insurgents haven't won any national elections. That may be because the insurgency campaign is a force whose greatest influence is still to be felt. The uprisings in 1964, 1968, and 1972 may represent a shake-out process in American politics, the first stirrings of new independent candidacies that will rise from the ashes of the burnt-out two-party system.

But putting aside speculations about past campaigns, the more fundamental observation to be made is that insurgency fund-raising is here to stay regardless of whether it leads to winning elections or not. The experiences of 1964, 1968, and 1972 in raising money are simply too powerful for future candidates to ignore.

The effect of some campaign spending reforms now being proposed could be negative. If the limit on overall spending is set very low, it could hurt the McGovern-type candidates, whose ability to raise money is one of their principal strengths. But reasonable limits on individual contributions could help the issue-oriented candidate, who is less likely to be dependant on large individual donations. Finally, if the income tax check-off becomes an important source of revenues for the post-convention phase of presidential races, it may also encourage insurgent campaigns by shifting the fund-raising emphasis to the primaries, when the issue-oriented candidate seems to do best.

So there is hope for the person who wants to run for elective office without selling his soul, or, to be less dramatic, there is hope for the person who, for whatever reason, doesn't have the backing of the financial and political establishments. Using the new techniques of TV appeals and direct mail, he can operate as an insurgent, simultaneously running and financing his campaign on those strong issues which evoke an emotional response among the voters. The question he must still ponder is: Can he win? But he no longer has to assume that it is impossible for him to to run. ■

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The McGovern Campaigners: Their Dirty Little Secret

by Walter Shapiro

In the last few months I have read perhaps a half dozen books resurrecting and reassessing the McGovern campaign. Generally lacking in insight, they serve as depressing reminders of the palace intrigues, threatened resignations, and general egomania which were the norm at the campaign's highest levels. What is particularly galling is that these books never really discuss the volunteers and the $50-a-week staffers who actually powered the campaign, especially in the primaries. From New Hampshire to California, McGovern's momentum came from the willingness of tens of thousands of people to canvass, make phone calls, and turn out the right voters on primary day.

Walter Shapiro is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

When mentioned at all, these volunteers are usually described by such impersonal phrases as "the McGovern army." None of these campaign memoirs makes even a rudimentary effort to explain why McGovern was so successful in attracting dedicated workers, while Muskie and Humphrey couldn't arouse the enthusiasm of the "hacks." The easy answer is, of course, "Vietnam," but it is just not convincing to regard the McGovern campaign as simply another manifestation of the peace movement. The prevailing attitudes of the Democratic Party toward the war had changed markedly from 1968 to 1972. It was

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apparent to all but the most cynical that any Democrat elected President last year—except Scoop Jackson—would have quickly ended the fighting in Southeast Asia.

There are no foolproof theories about why people volunteer to work in political campaigns. For example, back in the early sixties Helen Gurley Brown advised in her best-selling *Sex and the Single Girl* that political campaigns are just wonderful places to meet attractive, eligible men. But sex aside, the motivation of campaign workers is worth some consideration. It is striking that the majority of McGovern campaign workers were members of those groups in our society that have been the most troubled by the vast chasm separating their aspirations for interesting work and the realities of our semi-depressed economy. More than most political efforts, the McGovern campaign attracted two basic types of volunteers—those under 30 and housewives.

McGovern's appeal to those in their twenties was directly related to the job problems of recent college graduates. Here we are dealing with realities and perceptions far more subtle than those measured on unemployment charts. The attitudes of these volunteers were shaped during the late 1960s, which was, despite the dark cloud of Vietnam, a period of almost boundless optimism on our college campuses. Students who came to college from the reputed "emptiness" of suburbia were confident that, if they chose, they could equal, if not surpass, the affluence of their parents. It was this collective self-confidence that gave rise to the widespread fantasy of an America brought to its knees when they all said "no" to the desperate recruiters from General Motors and Chase Manhattan. During this halcyon period, the question was not simply finding a job; rather it was locating work which meshed with their finely tuned moral sense, desire for self-expression, and general feeling of self-importance. Only in a period when virtually all are convinced that they can become conventional "successes" does the act of rebellion in "dropping out" take on any real meaning.

All this changed with the Nixon recession. Suddenly, these bright-eyed college graduates discovered that they no longer had the option of "selling out" because no one was buying. The crisis was accentuated by the sheer number of college graduates jockeying for position in the job market. Although the campus revolts of the 1960s were chronicled in excruciating detail, generally these post-graduation disillusionments have been shrouded in silence.

The desperate job-hunting at academic conventions has become something of a cliche. But the problems extend far beyond the world of colleges and universities. Take the 200 college graduates who show up the morning *The New York Times* runs an ad announcing an opening for *one* social worker on Staten Island. Take the fledgling journalists who dream of

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emulating Woodward and Bernstein but can't even find jobs on suburban weeklies. Take all those who have settled for jobs they hate because they fear unemployment more. Scattered across the country are countless young people forced to come to grips with thwarted aspirations.

Housewives, the other major component of the McGovern campaign forces, share many of these frustrations. Politics has been traditionally an outlet for over-educated and under-utilized women needing a sense of purpose outside family life. For some, the women's movement has opened up entirely new possibilities. But for others, it merely accentuated the "might-have-beens" of abandoned careers and long-forgotten plans. No matter to what level her consciousness has been raised, it is often difficult for a woman who has been out of the job market for 10 or 15 years to find work more rewarding than ringing doorbells as an Avon lady.

The appeal of the McGovern campaign to career-frustrated people is not difficult to fathom. In a sense, the effort was a vast "make-work" program, rivaling Roosevelt's WPA in its scope. The campaign's inherently frenetic pace and unalterable deadline generated an excitement no graduate seminar or PTA meeting could hope to match. Working for McGovern provided a sense of community which is difficult to find, especially in the urban areas, where those in their twenties tend to congregate. It also became the outlet for an idealism which had remained dormant since the failure of the McCarthy crusade and the anti-war movement. Not only was the campaign open-ended, with a voracious appetite for volunteers, but in its early days promotions came as rapidly as they do under battlefield conditions in the Army. McGovern lost, but for its duration the campaign helped to obscure the sticky question of what happens in a country where there just aren't enough satisfying jobs to go around.

But for many on the paid staff, the

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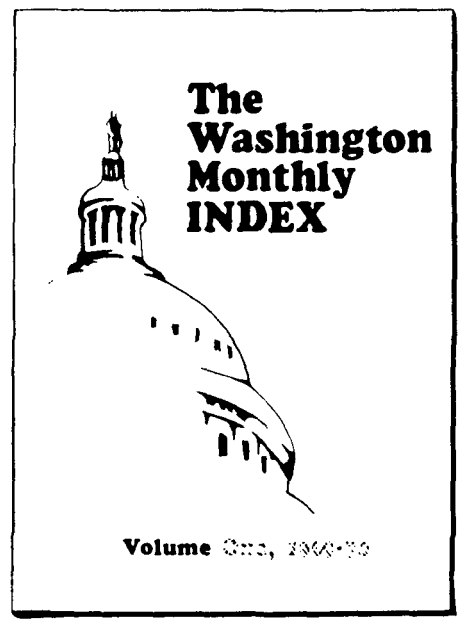

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experience was more than a fulfilling antidote to boredom. For those in its middle and upper echelons—press assistants, schedulers, and what-not—the presidential race provided an entirely new, and rather useful, set of contacts. Leading politicians and some of the nation's foremost journalists were accessible, often on a first-name basis. If careers in contemporary America are still furthered by connections, then working on the McGovern campaign provided membership in a rather potent old-boy network.

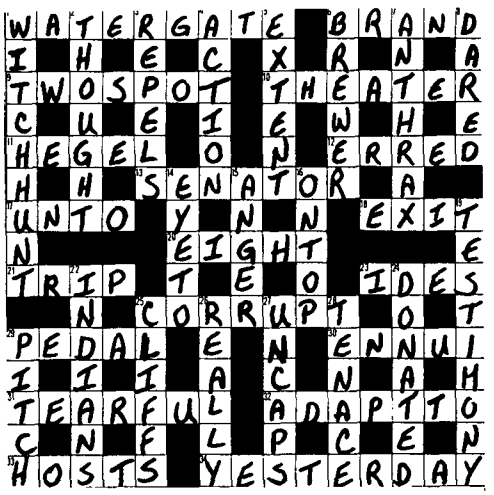
One night about a year ago I remember sitting up with two friends who were receiving subsistence salaries from the Connecticut McGovern campaign—Bob was an advance man, Sara a staff photographer. Before the primaries Bob had been working as a janitor for the university where he had been a campus leader in the late 1960s. He wasn't sure what he'd be doing after the election. Sara, who had recently graduated from college, was a photographer of demonstrated talent who had been frustrated in her efforts to obtain a job on a major newspaper.

Their involvement in the McGovern campaign was qualitatively different from that of Gary Hart or Rick Stearns. They had no visions of going on the White House payroll if McGovern were elected, but in a strange sense their faith in the campaign was far stronger than that of many campaign "insiders." It wasn't that their naivete sheltered them from the disaster that was taking shape around them. Three weeks before election day, they knew Connecticut—one of the states McGovern unquestionably had to carry—was hopeless. Yet they continued to work their 16-hour days, almost oblivious to the futility of it all. I saw Bob once more during the campaign. He was too busy to do more than nod as he prepared frantically for a Sargent Shriver appearance at a sad and ragged little rally in Warsaw Park in Ansonia, Connecticut.

I didn't work for McGovern, but, toward the end, I, too, developed a kind of kinship with the campaign. I was broke and jobless as America went to the polls, and I spent election day fantasizing what the job market might be like if McGovern pulled off the upset of the century. New programs would sprout in Washington, again making government seem like a challenging place to work. Research would flourish, providing a bonanza for consulting firms and academic social scientists. New social welfare programs—aid to the handicapped or prison reform, perhaps—would absorb the glut of social workers. Even our surplus of Ph.Ds would be delivered from driving cabs and working as hospital orderlies. If colleges couldn't hire more teachers, then the government probably would, with programs like federal sponsorship of adult education.

But this doesn't really explain my bond to McGovern. What I sensed about a possible McGovern Administration—and this is perhaps what attracted people like Bob and Sara to the campaign, even in its darkest hour—was that here, at least, was one place where I would be valued. Here, what I had to offer would be marketable, in part because of the jobs that would be created, but also in part because of a shared community of beliefs and attitudes. ■

Answers to September Political Puzzle:



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BOOKS:

The Great Stagflation Machine

by James Fallows

In its treatment of economists is this nation's true compassion revealed. Five centuries ago physicians were put to death when pestilence persisted. Today we coddle our economists, call them forth in swollen ranks to confront our economic plagues. Only strangers to the laws of supply and demand can be surprised to learn that the experts have done more describing than solving. In a world of economic perfection, could nearly a dozen books about inflation make their way onto the publishers' fall lists?

Of the current harvest, Robert Lekachman's *Inflation: The Permanent Problem of Boom and Bust** is one of the most appealing. Not only is Lekachman that rare academic who can write without resort to jargon (or except when necessary even to numbers), but also his book is modestly priced. While it has a few regrettable defects, *Inflation* is an excellent brief summary of why President Nixon's Phases may come and go but inflation is with us forever.

Like others of his brethren who have taken to print, Lekachman makes excuses for his craft. Economists, he tells us, are no more responsible for inflation than priests are for sin. They know the answers, but can't convince others to listen. But unlike Irving Friedman, who in *Inflation: A Worldwide Disaster* heaps the blame on a race (presumably human) grown too fond of material possessions, Lekachman chooses a more attractive target: the politicians.

Lekachman makes his case against the nation's leaders in the course of presenting a solid historical explanation of the inflationary process. Ten years ago we had relatively full employment with stable prices; now we have neither. In describing the transition, Lekachman has produced one of the best popular accounts of the two theories of inflation: "demand-pull" and "cost-push."

The descent from what Lekachman portrays as the Garden of Eden—the happy boom times of the early sixties—began with the onset of the Vietnam war. By trying to pay for his soldiers without raising taxes or sacrificing the Great Society, Lyndon Johnson created the classic demand-pull situation. People were being paid to produce goods (rocketry) and services (craters) that could not be consumed on the market. More money was chasing a static amount of goods; naturally, prices rose.

So far this theory could have been taken whole from the pages of any standard economics text. From there, the process became less conventional.

**Inflation: The Permanent Problem of Boom and Bust.* Robert Lekachman. Random House, $5.95/$1.95.

James Fallows is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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Come tax rise or recession, prices never went down. The economy had developed a one-way valve that allowed prices to rise whenever the demand pressure stepped up but which prevented them from ever falling.

Lekachman is not the first to explain this "cost-push" feature of the economy, but he does it in an admirably even-handed way. John Kenneth Galbraith has been telling us for years that large companies can set their own prices; businessmen and the political right have made similar observations about organized labor. Lekachman's insight is that increasing numbers of us are in on the anti-competitive deal, safe in our monopolistic enclaves:

> Universities and professional societies... operate less in the public than in the private interest, and according to the model of the more exclusive construction crafts. Doctors and university professors raise ever higher credentials barriers to protect their own income. No-fault liability has been delayed for years by trial lawyers who have profited .... These are a very few examples of an army of restrictions upon entry into the unions and professions.... It is not an exaggeration to assert that wherever an observer's eye falls, it registers a situation of market control or actual domination by a small number of individuals, corporations, health insurers, trade unions, business associations, or professional societies.

What Lekachman is describing is the creation of a class of people with no interest in containing inflation. Each year more and more of us are protected against inflation by special "cushions." These range from provisions as definite as a cost-of-living clause in union contracts to the tacit assumption among members of trade associations that they will be able to jack their incomes up in pace with inflation. The national government offers the most grotesque illustration. Thanks to the efforts of Rep. Morris Udall, father of the so-called "Udall Amendment," millions of federal employees are guaranteed a pay increase whenever the cost of living rises. This may explain why the two bedroom counties bordering Washington, D. C. are the two richest in the country, or why the District of Columbia, which contains a staggering proportion of poor people, has a higher per capita income than any state.

One may have more sympathy for attempts to cushion other groups—the social security pensioners or recruits for the volunteer army—but the overall impact is disastrous. The greater the number of people who think they can laugh in the face of inflation, the smaller the resistance to wildly inflationary policies.

Lekachman takes a they-know-not-what-they-do tone in surveying this mess. Someday Nixon and his big-business backers will be sorry, he says, for their boom is headed for an inevitable bust. This is not only unfortunate, but also unwise. While Mr. Average Joe will suffer more than Bob Abplanalp during the recession, it is the rare tycoon who welcomes lean times. The Nixon Administration is trying to serve the upper classes, Lekachman concludes, but it is suffering from terminal myopia.

To repeat: this book is commendable for its clarity and information. But the perspective conveyed in this last passage—a smug equation of Nixon's economic policy with the shortsighted greed of Republican businessmen—illustrates a major flaw in Lekachman's presentation.

Instead of commenting on economic politics generally, Lekachman carries out a vendetta against Richard Nixon and the Republican Party. He hauls in Harold Geneen, money-stuffed suitcases, Dita Beard, and the CREEP, both to provide pizazz and to confirm his own admission that "it is hard to be fair to Republicans." Now and then, Lekachman's wisecracks on current affairs let him get off a good line: "Mr. Nixon had plans to visit Peking and Moscow. In spirit he now reached out to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and recruited John Kenneth Galbraith."

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More often they smack of gratuitous partisanship. Can the man who writes, "Phase II controls. . . featured one of those bureaucratic inventions of which Republicans seem particularly proud," ever have heard of the Great Society, let alone the New Deal? How confident can we feel in either his literary taste or his sense of political relevance after reading, "The Administration's plan to scotch the snake of inflation without unleashing the dragon of recession proved as secret as the famous blueprint for ending the Vietnam war"?

This irritating patina would be trivial did it not arise from the same bias that leads Lekachman to a deeper analytic mistake. As presented in this book, Lekachman's theory of inflation is similar to Arthur Schlesinger's attempts to explain Vietnam as a "quagmire." The story in each case is one of blunder and imperfect understanding. Before they knew it, the politicians were nostril-deep in the mire, without any good ideas for escape. Each step along the way had seemed so necessary, so wise; there was always the chance of victory and rarely the opportunity for calm consideration of the basic issues.

To accept this theory as it applies to inflation requires a major leap of faith: believing that Nixon and his planners thought their patchwork remedies would actually solve the economic troubles instead of just buying time. It is not a question of stupidity on their part, but of a perverted kind of logic.

In his famous essay, "The Quagmire Myth and the Stalemate Machine," Daniel Ellsberg explained why this reasoning could not adequately account for the war. American policy in Vietnam was not a "mistake," he said, because at each point the Presidents' decisions were perfectly rational. Given their priorities—namely, not to have Communists running through Saigon on election day in America—everything from the Diem coup to the Hanoi bombings made impeccable sense. The choices may have been immoral or historically wrong, but that was another issue. With the gelid logic that has made the Rand Corporation famous, Ellsberg outlined a "Stalemate Machine" that went a long way toward explaining the Presidents' decisions:

Rule 1: Do not lose South Vietnam to Communist control—or appear likely to do so—before the next election.

Rule 2: Do not, unless essential to satisfy Rule 1, in the immediate crisis or an earlier one:

Bomb South Vietnam
Bomb North Vietnam
Commit U. S. combat troops to Vietnam. . . .
Invade North Vietnam
Use nuclear weapons.

One way to improve our understanding of national economic management may be through a similar model of the "Stagflation Machine":

Rule 1: *Do Not Allow Noticeable Unemployment Before the Next Election.* This rule applies with special potency to members of Herbert Hoover's party; it has been seared onto Richard Nixon's brain. During the 1960 campaign, Nixon pleaded with Eisenhower to kick the economy out of its recession before unemployed voters went to the polls. Eisenhower was probably the last presidential exception to Rule 1: all of his advisers except Arthur Burns opposed the intervention, and Ike didn't believe in deficit spending anyway. He turned his Vice President down. The lesson was not wasted on Nixon; when he finally reached the White House, one of his first acts was to appoint Burns as a presidential counselor.

Nixon's first two years as President proved that fears of the Great Depression could be awakened with surprising ease. As Lekachman puts it, "In the 1970 election the poor Republican showing sharply warned the President that if the economy did not soon display improvement, he was likely to be retired from the White House in 1972." Shortly afterwards, Milton Friedman and company were chucked overboard so that Nixon could

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produce at least a small boom by 1972. While fears of unemployment may be the least of the Republicans' worries now, the same pattern is beginning again. Even though we may see a recession in 1974, we can count on living high in the fall of 1976.

Rule 2: *Do Not, Unless Essential to Satisfy Rule 1, Allow Unreasonable Inflation.* In the age of innocence, political economists thought they had a choice: either unemployment, or inflation. Now, miraculously, they find they can have both at the same time. The middle phase of the first Nixon term, from the 1970 elections until the 1971 economic manifestoes, drove this message home. Trying to buy full employment with a little payment of inflation, Nixon discovered what the Europeans learned several years back: the price of full employment has risen out of sight. Where a four or five percent inflation rate might have done the job in the mid-fifties, now it may take 10 percent, 12 percent, or more. This revelation led to Rule 3.

Rule 3: *Do Not, Until Rule 2 Has Gotten Out of Hand, Take Any of the Following Steps:*

a. Impose wage and price controls
b. Create new inflation cushions
c. Raise taxes
d. Break up monopolistic segments of the economy.

These options are listed in ascending order of distastefulness to conservative administrations. So far, Nixon has confined himself to the first two.

Wage and price controls, which the Republicans once opposed most dogmatically, are in fact the mildest irritant to big commercial interests. As applied in the U. S., controls freeze the economic pie as currently sliced; if anything, they allow the share of corporate profit to increase. This is because the corporations that make up what Galbraith calls the "planning system" of the economy have long been setting their own prices. When a general freeze comes, it ensures that their expenses will not rise. The only ones to suffer are the entrepreneurs in those parts of the economy still vulnerable to the laws of supply and demand: the pre-freeze prices may have left them no slack to absorb an increase from some uncontrolled item like farm produce.

The best illustration of this was the recent beef tumult. Two years of controls had brought forth few threats of auto or steel shortages, but packing houses left and right were closing down when the freeze on meat prices continued. As Galbraith puts it in his new book, *Economics and the Public Purpose*, "It was possible for the planning system to live in reasonable comfort with both inflation and the orthodox efforts to control it. . . . These last could be painful, but the pain was concentrated on the market system. This the planning system could endure." The important truth about controls is not that anyone ever expected them to work in a long-run sense. Too many wrecked control systems lie strewn across Western Europe to permit such fancies. Instead, they were an overtly temporary step, necessary to carry out the logic of Rules 1 and 2.

Step (b) is even more crudely designed as a time-buyer. The inflationary cushions created by the Udall Amendment and its counterparts in the private sector are obviously the perfect way to create permanent inflation. A price rise in one area is communicated through the economy at breakneck speed. Only those left uncushioned can complain. As expectations of inflation rise, so does the rate of inflation: a union hoping for a five-percent increase in its real wages knows it must ask for a 15 percent money-wage increase to offset the rising cost of living. In the long-run "cushioning" is disastrous, yet as a means of minimizing public displeasure with inflation it serves a short-term purpose. Under the rules of the machine that is all it is asked to do.

Nixon has not yet taken steps (c) and (d); even the threat of slipping into recession—and therefore of violat-

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ing Rule 1—may not persuade him to do so. Lekachman stresses the irrationality of such intransigence: the Republican Party will lose big if times turn hard. But his explanation of why the Republicans lumber on toward disaster is wrong.

In Lekachman's world, men with dollars hanging out of their suitcases lie behind all economic policy. Since big business would be displeased by a tax rise and apoplectic about anti-trust, Nixon's hands are tied. His campaign donors prevent him from taking the steps that might be necessary to reduce inflation and keep his party in office.

Such reasoning is plausible, yet how different would the choices have been under any conceivable Democratic administration? Lyndon Johnson displayed no great eagerness to increase taxes. Politically that was wise: taxes designed to fight inflation inevitably fall hard on the Democrats' constituent, the average man, because it is his purchasing power the government wants to reduce.

As for opening up larger sections of the economy to free competition, liberals have as many hesitations as plutocrats, but for different reasons. Memories of the raw marketplace make the heirs of the New Deal unwilling to dismantle the many forms of government intervention; for their part, the Republicans profit from what has been created in the market's stead. Moreover, increasing numbers of Democrats find themselves with as great a personal stake in anti-competitive arrangements (professional associations, labor unions) as the big businessmen.

Of course, political allegiance is of some importance. A government less firmly wed to big business might have chosen a different anti-inflation strategy. It could have slapped on a surtax to reduce inflationary pressure, and then have humanized the results through public works programs and generous compensation for the unemployed.

Yet the proper way to interpret

we bring them all together

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the persistence of inflation is less as a partisan issue than as the victory of short-term necessity over long-term prudence. Under the imperatives of the Stagflation Machine, Presidents from both parties will follow roughly the same course, pumping up the economy and then trying desperately to cope with the results. In evaluating this process one must criticize not its goals—for unemployment is clearly worse than inflation—but its self-defeating nature. Too often the booms do lead to busts. John Kennedy told his friends he would remove the troops from Vietnam, *after* he was reelected; in 1971 Richard Nixon may have had similar hopes about stopping inflation. But Kennedy died before his promise could be put to the test. In Nixon's case, we all can watch as political pressures prevent him from carrying out his intentions.

The Stagflation Machine is not to be taken as a universal model. For the last two decades British governments have operated under the rules of a "Stop-Go Machine," consisting entirely of our Rule 2. Whenever inflation imperiled Britain's balance of payments, the government of the day would throw on the brakes. In the resulting recession, the other side would take power, and then begin the same cycle. Very little in Britain's economic performance recommends itself as a model, except this: successive governments have recognized that controlling inflation was an imperative long-range goal, one that must be served even at the cost of electoral suicide. No doubt all of the Prime Ministers would have preferred to preserve themselves rather than protect some vague national interest, but the country's terrible vulnerability to the pressures of international trade meant that the only course more painful than stopping inflation was letting it continue.

What American leaders have most obviously lacked is a sense of responsibility for long-term economic consequences. According to Lekachman, a government serious about planning for the future has four alternatives to choose from. One—trying to make inflation tolerable through increasing the use of cushions—is almost certainly doomed to defeat; experience suggests it would lead to a rate of inflation reminiscent of those in Latin America during the 1950s. Some combination of the other three alternatives seems more likely to work: anti-trust and pro-competitive action to introduce more price flexibility into the economy; permanent controls on those sectors most prone to cost-push inflation; and "recession," in the morally neutral sense of lowering demand through prudent taxation. This last step should be accompanied by programs to make sure that those of average income or below do not bear the entire brunt of the slowdown.

If these alternatives are ignored, policy concocted in the short run will have two consequences: mounting inflation, with its social injustice and economic distortions; and the customary sequel, unplanned, and often intense, recession.

Nixon worked his way out of the Vietnam Stalemate Machine rather than challenging its precepts. He traveled farther down the list of brutal options than his predecessors and then pretended that the Communists had not taken over in Vietnam. Trying to beat the Stagflation Machine at its own rules would also be a costly and drawn-out process. Discomfort would be minimized if we attempt to change the rules themselves so that they look to a time more distant than the next election day. The President cannot do this by himself—although he can set an example of either foresightedness or opportunism. Only with an electorate educated to the long-range dilemmas of economic management can a President feel safe in attacking the causes of inflation rather than the symptoms. Lekachman's book is a valuable contribution to that education and as such is welcome. ■

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Memo of the Month

OPTIONAL FORM NO. 10
MAY 1962 EDITION
GSA FPMR (41 CFR) 101-11.6

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : ALL MEMBERS OF THE FLOWER FUND DATE: DECEMBER 6, 1972

FROM : Nellie Blocker

SUBJECT: FLOWER FUND, 1973

Effective January 1, 1973, our flower fund dues will be 50¢ per pay day, to take care of the unusually excessive amount paid out this year, (statement attached).

If any member of the flower fund would like to pay in larger amounts for the year 1973, this would eliminate much collection and bookkeeping and your money would be drawing interest in our savings account. This will be strictly voluntary and if you should withdraw anytime during the year, your money will be refunded.

These are the suggested amounts:

January 1 to December 31, 1973 (26 pay periods)	$13.00
January 1 to June 30, 1973 (13 pay periods)	6.50
July 1 to December 31, 1973 (13 pay periods)	6.50
January 1 to March 31, 1973 (6 pay periods)	3.00
April 1 to June 30, 1973 (7 pay periods)	3.50
July 1 to September 30, 1973 (6 pay periods)	3.00
October 1 to December 31, 1973 (7 pay periods)	3.50

Gifts and Flowers are to be for:

Participants themselves
Husbands and wives of participants
Parents of SINGLE participants
Funerals of parents of participants, brothers, sisters and children
New babies of participants

The following amounts will be spent:

$12.50 for flowers
20.00 for funerals
20.00 for wedding gifts
10.00 for baby gifts

ANY OTHER GIFTS AND FLOWERS WILL BE ON A VOLUNTARY BASIS

Gifts to Resigning Employees:

5 years or less	$15.00
5 to 20 years	20.00
20 years or over	25.00

Retiring Employee, any number years of service $50.00

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political book notes

Books to be published in October.

American Arms and a Changing Europe: Dilemmas of Deterrence and Disarmament. William T. R. Fox, et al. Columbia, $12/$3.95.

The American Connection. John Pekkanen. Follett, $7.95. Tightly argued, filled with fact, this look at the "ethical" drug industry may induce severe depression among its readers. Obviously, the problems discussed in "The Morality of Medicine" by David Ignatius in this issue of *The Washington Monthly* are far from unique.

An American Made Tragedy: Neo-Colonialism and Dictatorship in the Philippines. William J. Pomeroy. International Publishers, $8/$2.95.

The Anderson Papers. Jack Anderson with George Clifford. Random House, $6.95. Those who were charmed by the grace of Jack Anderson's "apology" on *Face the Nation* last year will enjoy the expanded account of the Eagleton affair in this volume. Anderson accepts his blame with all the penitent sincerity of Nixon taking the responsibility for Watergate.

The Anguish of Change. Louis Harris. Norton, $6.95. On October 8 Kissinger brandished this poll at the Paris peace talks as evidence the North Vietnamese should stop hoping for McGovern's election. An hour later, according to Harris, the North Vietnamese offered the compromise which led to the eventual agreement.

Armies and the Art of Revolution. Katharine Chorley. Beacon, $10.50/$3.25.

Beyond the Best Interests of the Child. Joseph Goldstein, Anna Freud, Albert J. Solnit. Free Press, $7.95/$1.95. Fresh thinking about the extremely difficult legal and emotional problems involved in child custody cases.

The Black Experience in American Politics. Charles V. Hamilton. Putnam's, $7.95.

The Budgeting and Evaluation of Federal Recreation Programs, or, Money Doesn't Grow on Trees. Jeanne Nienaber, Aaron Wildavsky. Basic, $8.95.

The Burden of Proof. Ed Cray. Macmillan, $9.95.

The Captain America Complex: The Dilemma of Zealous Nationalism. Robert Jewett. Westminster. A theologian's efforts to relate the messianic streak in American foreign policy to its Biblical roots. As Sam Ervin demonstrated during the Watergate hearings, you can prove anything by choosing the right Biblical quotations.

Cities Destroyed for Cash. Brian Boyer. Follett, $7.95.

Congressional Hearings on American Defense Policy, 1947-1971: An Annotated Bibliography. Richard Burt, Geoffrey Kemp, eds. Univ. of Kansas, $5.95.

Death in American Experience. Arien Mack, ed. Schocken, $7.50/$2.95. The useful insights in this collection of essays are unfortunately pinioned under a heap of sociological language.

The Decoy Man: The Extraordinary Adventures of an Undercover Cop. Charles Whited. Playboy, $7.95.

Defeated: Inside America's Military Machine. Stuart H. Loory. Random House, $10. What stands out in this book is Loory's portrayal of the military promotion system. When any personnel rating less ecstatic than "the best man I have known" condemns an officer to a career of frustration, it is not surprising that eccentricity, not to mention principled dissent, vanishes from the armed forces. Many of us have feared that the military is too eager for chances to ply its craft. After finishing this book we have new reason to hope our fighting men are never

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put to the test, at least under officers promoted by the system Loory describes.

The End of the American Future. Peter Schrag. Simon & Schuster, $7.95.

False Promises: The Shaping of American Working Class Consciousness. Stanley Aronowitz. McGraw-Hill, $8.95.

The Femininity Game. Thomas Boslooper, Marcia Hayes. Stein and Day, $7.95.

God and Mammon at the Harvard Business School. Peter Cohen. Doubleday, $10.

The Go-Go Years. John Brooks. Weybright & Talley, $10.

Goodbye, Mr. Christian. Richard Dougherty. Doubleday, $7.95. Not an adaptation of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, this is the campaign memoirs of McGovern's on-again, off-again press secretary. The former head of *The Los Angeles Times* New York bureau warns that "this book is concerned as much with Dougherty as McGovern, perhaps more so." Between accounts of lunches with Walter Lippmann and Teddy White are sprinkled some interesting judgments. For example, Dougherty explains many of the staff problems by noting McGovern's never-spoken rewrite of that old Groucho Marx joke: "If a man would work for George McGovern, he couldn't amount to much."

Harry Dexter White: A Study in Paradox. David Rees. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $12.50. Harry Dexter White was a key assistant to Henry Morgenthau, Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury. He was, at the same time, according to Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, a Communist agent. The possibilities of the simultaneous performance of the two roles are thoroughly explored in this genuinely fascinating book.

I Never Danced at the White House. Art Buchwald. Putnam's, $6.95.

Inflation: The Permanent Problem of Boom and Bust. Robert Lekachman. Random House, $5.95/$1.95. James Fallows' review of this book appears in this issue.

The Kikuchi Diary: Chronicle from an American Concentration Camp. Charles Kikuchi. Univ. of Illinois, $8.95.

The Medical Detectives. Paulette Cooper. McKay, $6.95.

The Mind Managers. Herbert I. Schiller. Beacon, $9.95.

Old Wars Remain Unfinished: The Veteran Benefits System. Sar A. Levitan, Karen A. Cleary. Johns Hopkins, $10. This important book demonstrates the stupidity of giving aid to veterans who don't need it while refusing to help non-veterans who do.

On Growth: The World's Leading Thinkers on the Crisis of the Population Explosion

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and the Exhaustion of Resources. Willem E. Oltmans, ed. Putnam's, $7.95.

Opening Up the Suburbs: An Urban Strategy for America. Anthony Downs. Yale, $7.95. A complex and ambitious book which correctly recognizes the importance of achieving economic integration in our suburban areas. Downs does not minimize the political difficulties nor ridicule the suburbanite's concern for property values. Instead, he tries—and generally succeeds—to fashion an integration strategy which meets these objections squarely. His solutions, however, are not flawless and occasionally important arguments are buttressed by little more than liberal faith.

The Persecuted Drug: The Story of DMSO. Pat McGrady. Doubleday, $6.95.

Presidential Television. Newton N. Minow, John Bartlow Martin, Lee M. Mitchell. Basic, $8.95.

The Price of Vision: The Diary of Henry A. Wallace, 1942-1946. John Morton Blum, ed. Houghton-Mifflin, $15. Faced with the usual problem of Vice Presidents—nothing to do beyond presiding over the Senate—Henry Wallace filled the empty hours by keeping a diary. The result is absorbing. How close we came to having Wallace for President instead of Truman! If the delegates to the 1944 convention had been permitted to vote for the vice-presidency the night he enthralled them with his seconding speech for Roosevelt, Wallace would almost certainly have been renominated. And the Cold War might have been averted, although Josef Stalin might well have brought about that war on his own. Wallace's mind took some bizarre turns. An example was his strategic thinking during World War II: He was continually trying to get the generals to focus on what he regarded as the crucial front—Alaska.

Prisoner of Mao. Bau Ruo-wang (Jean Pasqualini), Rudolph Chelminski. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $7.95. The preface suggests that this book "could be the Chinese Solzhenitsyn." Not quite. Its narrow focus on life in a Chinese prison camp blocks out some of the larger social and political questions. Nonetheless, it is absorbing reading on a topic not much reported in these days of the Great Chinese-American Friendship Pact.

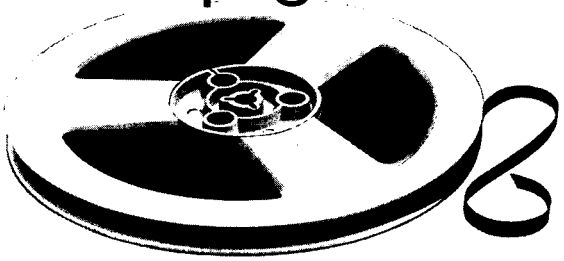
The Real World of 1984. Richard N. Farmer. McKay, $6.95.

Religion and Violence. Robert McAfee Brown. Westminster, $3.95.

Revolutionaries. Eric T. Hobsbawn. Pantheon, $7.95.

Riding High: America in the Cold War. Carl Solberg. Mason & Lipscomb, $10.

Campaign'72



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Edited by Ernest R. May and Janet Fraser

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Ernest R. May is the Director and Janet Fraser is Assistant Director of the Institute of Politics at Harvard.

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OLD WARS REMAIN UNFINISHED

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SAR A. LEVITAN and KAREN CLEARY

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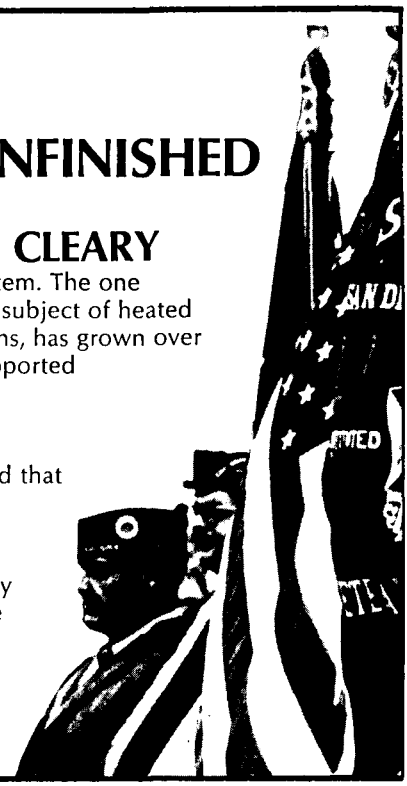

The Saturday Night Special. Robert Sherrill. Charterhouse, $8.95. Sherrill's splendid outrage is not accompanied here by the understanding that distinguishes his work at its best.

Scandals in the Highest Office. Hope Ridings Miller. Random House, $6.95. Pure titillation: big promises and no delivery, all presented in the "of course no one believes those rumors, but. . ." vein. The author's attempt to find a "scandal" in Lyndon Johnson's relation with one of his White House Fellows is simply ludicrous.

Science and Politics. Jean-Jacques Salomon. MIT, $12.50.

There Could Have Been Peace: The Untold Story of Why We Failed With Palestine and Again With Israel. Jon Kimche. Dial, $10.

This Vast External Realm. Dean Acheson. Norton, $9.95.

Through Different Eyes: Black and White Perspectives on American Race Relations. Peter I. Rose, Stanley Rothman, William J. Wilson. Oxford, $12.50.

The Tragedy of Richard II. Robert J. Myers. Acropolis, $4.95/$2.75.

The U. S. Intelligence Community. Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr. Hill & Wang, $7.95.
At the heart of this generally admirable book lies the same idea of bureaucratic courage that the CIA's Vernon Walters displayed at the Watergate hearings. No effort is too heroic if necessary to protect the agency's honor: Rebuff Haldeman! Tell LBJ he's losing the war! But as long as the CIA's record is kept clean, its men are no longer curious about what's going on elsewhere. Kirkpatrick writes even-handedly and with insight; he even attempts to unravel the sticky connections between the CIA and the rest of the country. Sadly, he hasn't turned his analytical powers on the agency itself and asked how much of its efforts are worthwhile, or what sort of intelligence we really need.

Watergate: Crime in the Suites. Michael Myerson. International Publishers, $1.95.

Why Justice Fails. Whitney North Seymour, Jr. Morrow, $6.95. A pedestrian examination of the problem of civil and criminal justice by the former U. S. Attorney from New York City. Seymour, like most public officials who have books published, is far more daring in surveying well-known problems than in proposing solutions.

William Howard Taft: A Conservative's Conception of the Presidency. Donald F. Anderson. Cornell, $15.

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